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No. 3678

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1957.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

Advice To Smokers

THE British Government has announced plans to start a nation-wide propaganda campaign to inform the public of the dangers of smoking. For a government that relies on £700 million a year from duty on tobacco this would appear to be a surprising course to adopt, but properly it has ignored this mercenary consideration and its decision is a sign of enlightened responsibility that will win wide commendation.

The campaign has been decided upon following publication of the Medical Research Council's report which states that cigarette smoking was the principal factor in the large increase in the incidence of lung cancer in Britain in the last 10 years. As the Medical Council is the Government's advisory body on health matters the Government has a clear duty to act upon its opinions.

AND the course it has adopted is the correct one: the risks are to be made known and it is up to the public then to make their own decisions. Only the future can tell what effect these warnings will have, but it is doubtful whether they will persuade many to abandon smoking entirely, though some may reduce consumption.

In this regard, the report recently published by the American Cancer Society after a four-year statistical study may have a correlative effect. It stated among other things, that among smokers of 10-20 cigarettes a day the death rate was 70 per cent higher than non-smokers. It also said that ten times more smokers than non-smokers died of lung cancer. Pipe smokers, however, were not so badly affected.

MANUFACTURERS adamantly oppose the findings of independent research committees on this question. They maintain there is "no proof" and that "statistical evidence certainly does not prove a causal connection."

The public is, however, entitled to know the findings of an impartial committee of experts and if the manufacturers can provide new evidence to the contrary they are equally justified in broadcasting their results.

HURRICANE DEATH TOLL MOUNTS

Official Figure Now 30

Lake Charles, June 28.
Official sources said at least 150 persons were dead and hundreds were missing today in the wake of the tropical hurricane "Audrey" which cut a path of death and destruction on Louisiana's south coast.

The Louisiana Director of Civil Defence announced that 150 bodies had been found in the hurricane wrecked Cameron parish section of the Gulf Coast.

In Washington the Weather Bureau said information it had received today indicated that 200 to 300 people were killed in the Cameron area, south of Lake Charles. Unofficial sources said the total death toll was much higher, running into thousands.

Deputy Sheriff D. P. Vincent of Cameron County, who arrived at Lake Charles today, said that between 3,000 and 4,000 persons had been drowned in enormous waves in the swamps around Cameron.

ONE OF THE WORST

If the unofficial figures were confirmed they would make the hurricane one of the worst present-day disasters. The hurricane, first of the 1957 season, swept away homes and buildings and caused severe damage and destruction.

Rescue boats were searching the swamps for survivors or victims. The Red Cross announced that at least 1,000 persons had failed to evacuate the Cameron region.

At the request of the Sheriff of Cameron, an Air Force helicopter left Houston, Texas, today to pick up 16 persons, including a pregnant woman and five children, drifting in three tiny boats in the swamps.

LOST SIX CHILDREN

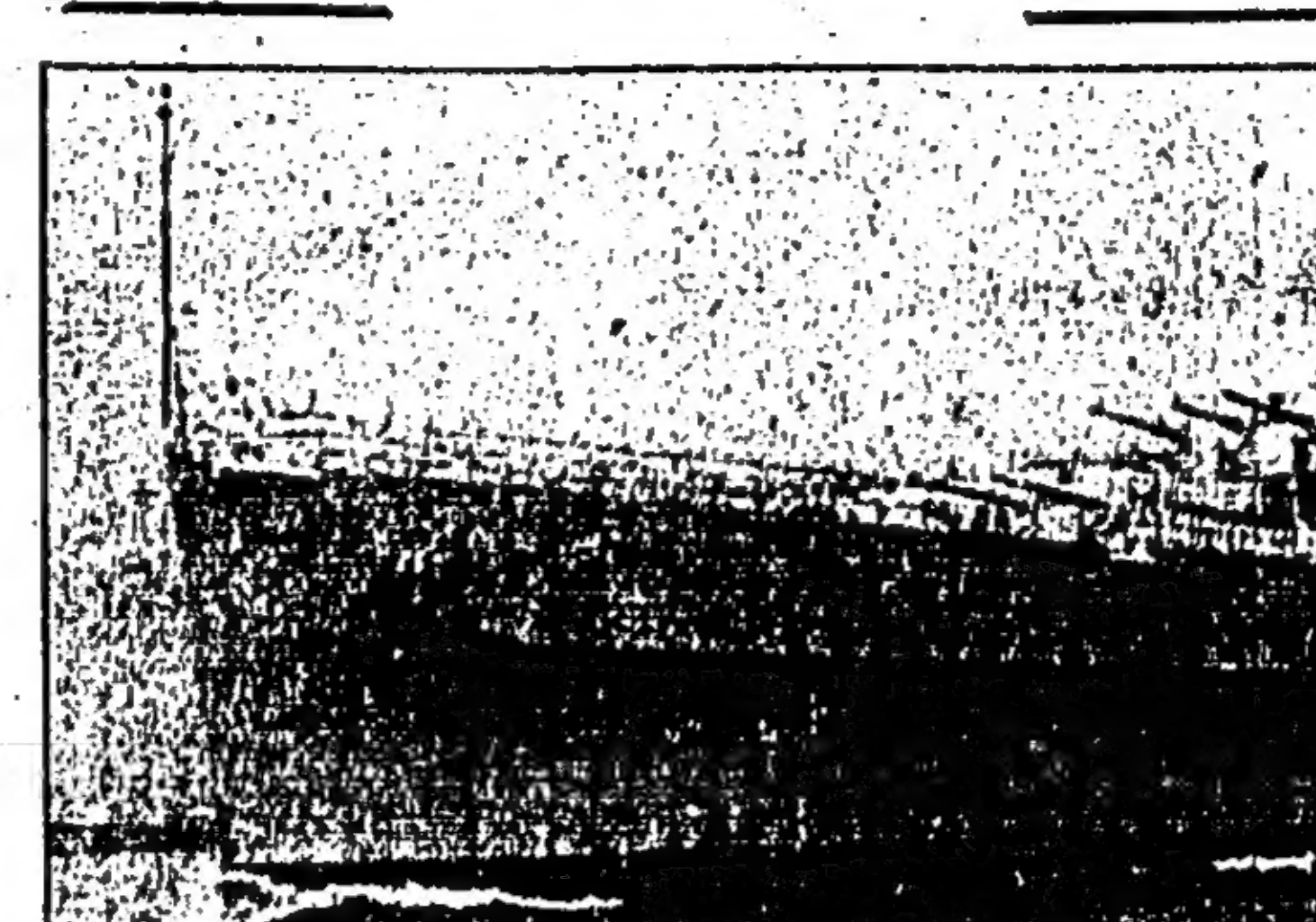
Vincent arrived at Lake Charles aboard the Coast Guard launch "Blue Bonnet" accompanied by 40 persons evacuated from the devastated area.

An old woman aboard the boat counted on her fingers: "I lost my six children," she said simply. A Negro, whose children were also killed, described how a 15-foot wave crushed upon his house.

About 19,000 persons had to be evacuated from the Lake Charles region. Although there were no estimates of the number of injured, the Mayor of Lake Charles, Sidney Gray, announced that some 30 ambulances and numerous other vehicles were standing by to carry the wounded arriving by boat from Cameron.

In addition to the losses in lives, it was estimated that some \$15,000,000 damage had been caused to oil drilling installations in the area.

RN Cruiser Arrives This Morning



HMS Newcastle arrived in Hong Kong this morning. HMS Newcastle is wearing the flag of Rear Admiral W. K. Edden, CB, OBE, Flag Officer, Second in Command, Far East Station and is due to stay here until the beginning of August. She recommissioned at Singapore last month.

Menzies' Move At Premiers' Meeting

London, June 28.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Harold Macmillan, invited each of the nine visiting delegates to the Commonwealth Premiers' conference to draft a memorandum on suggested policy to cope with Communist expansion.

The invitation was prompted by a strong plea made by Australian Premier, Mr. R. G. Menzies for the Commonwealth to draw up a manifesto stating in precise terms its attitude to Russia's policy of domination.

Menzies' move gained support from Canada, New Zealand, South Africa, Pakistan, the Central African Federation and the new African state of Ghana.

India and Ceylon wanted a different approach on the grounds that such "united approaches" served only to raise fears of war in the Soviet Union.

Conference sources said all the visiting Ministers had undertaken to give their views in writing.—United Press.

Go-Slow Ends In Singapore

Singapore, June 28.
A go-slow campaign and a strike notice were called off today when a dispute between Islay "Kerr", a shipping company in Singapore, and its employees' union was settled. Terms of the agreement ending the dispute were not made known.—Reuter.

Note Sent To Macmillan Let's Get Together Move By Russians

Moscow, June 28.

Russia has told Britain it welcomed Mr. Harold Macmillan's desire for closer cultural ties, and has expressed readiness to do her best to achieve this aim, it was announced tonight.

Anglo-Soviet cultural relations, which showed signs of developing after the 1955 visit by Mr. Nikita Khrushchev and Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, ceased altogether for a period after the flare-ups in Hungary and Suez.

Now, in a message handed recently to Sir Patrick Reilly, the British Ambassador, Russia's culture minister, Mr. N. Mikhalov, has promised Russia "will do everything necessary to foster the development of contacts and eliminate official obstacles in the path of this development."

NO OBJECTIONS

The message said the Soviet Union had "nothing against" student and teacher exchanges, English book exhibitions in Moscow with participation of British writers and publishing houses, or visits by youth delegations to each other's country.

He also said Russia had nothing against "sending a Soviet delegation of specialists in the field of power, on the basis of mutual exchange"—a statement thought here to include an exchange of visits to atomic plants.

On the subject of jamming BBC Russian-language broadcasts, which was resumed at the time of the Hungarian revolt after being dropped following the Bulganin-Khrushchev visit, Mr. Mikhalov repeated that the Soviet Government had been forced to jam these broadcasts since last autumn because the broadcasts were not of a friendly character, were disapproved of by the Soviet people, and would lead to the birth of an anti-British mood in the Soviet Union.

SMOKING CAMPAIGN AROUSES PROTESTS

New York, June 28.

The Tobacco Industry Research Committee today disputed the reasons for the British Government's campaign to warn Britons of the "risks involved in smoking."

The British Government acted after a Medical Research Council report that smoking has caused "a very great increase in deaths" from lung cancer.

NOT CONFIRMED

But the Tobacco Industry Research Committee said the British Council's conclusions were based on facts which had not been confirmed by scientific experiments.

The Committee said many authorities in the United States and abroad do not accept the cause and effect hypothesis between cigarette smoking and lung cancer.

It said much research into lung cancer should not be "unwisely" restricted to one possible cause of lung cancer.

Dr. Clarence Cook Little, scientific director of the Committee and Chairman of its Scientific Advisory Board, said the Board believes that definitive conclusions or predictions of individual risks are unwarranted by the present state of knowledge in this complex field of lung cancer causation.

THE REAL CAUSE

In London cigarette manufacturers challenged the government-endorsed medical report and called for research to determine the "real causes" of the disease.

At the same time, however, the Lancet and the British Medical Journal—leading organs of the medical profession in that country—demanded action to curb the smoking habit.—United Press.

7 Years' Gaol For Two GIs

Tokyo, June 28.

The Gifu District Court in central Japan today sentenced two United States servicemen to seven years' hard labour on charges of assault and robbery.—Reuter.

Today's Weather

Today's weather forecast: Cloudy with occasional thundery showers.

SERIOUS PROBLEMS IN CHINA

London, June 28.

A high-ranking expert of the recently published speech of Chinese Premier Mao Tse-tung—supplied by first hand—reported that China has reached a point where difficulties facing the far more serious than thought before.

They do not, however, threaten to represent an immediate future ascription to the Communist regime, which has led to the launching of the new year from a feeling of confidence in its strength.—France-Press.

US OFFERS JAPAN AID TO BUY A-PLANT

Washington, June 28.

The United States will contribute \$100 million toward the cost of a research reactor for peaceful purposes, announced today by the Atomic Energy Research Administration.

The cost of the entire project had been estimated by Japan to exceed \$200 million, the AEC said.

Four kilograms of U-235 contained in atomic fuel elements used to power the U-235 reactor, leased to Japan by the United States under the 1955 agreement for peaceful uses of atomic energy.

The reactor would require approximately 7.5 tons of heavy water which would be purchased from the United States.

The AEC said that this contribution was in accordance with President Eisenhower's offer made in June, 1955, to help other nations with nuclear research reactor programmes as part of the atom-for-peace programme.

A New York firm, AMF Atomic, Inc., will design and build the reactor, the AEC said. Installation and initial testing had been sub-contracted by this firm to the Mitsubishi group of companies in Japan.—Reuter.

Enter Now THE CHINA MAIL PRIZE PHOTO COMPETITION FULL DETAILS ON PAGE 3

NO MORE COOKING SMELLS ROUND MY HOUSE

Her home never smells of cooking. Her kitchen walls are never streaming. Hot, steamy air and odours are whisked away by Xpelair, the draught-proof extractor fan that's easily fixed in any window or wall. An inbuilt fire seals out cold air when the fan is off. Attractive domestic model in cream and black—uses less current than a reading lamp!

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KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 p.m. || At 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 p.m.

TO-DAY



EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW —
KING'S at 11.15 a.m. || PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.
"TOM & JERRY"
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS by M-G-M
Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

PRINCESS TO-MORROW AT 12.10 p.m.

SPECIAL MATINEE

WADIA MOVIE TONE presents a superb Indian film
"CAPTAIN KISHORE"
Starring Shashikala & Suresh - Anwar & Naina & Roopmala with Mirza Musharraf - Shaikh - Tun Tun
Music by Chitragupta — Directed by J. B. Wadia
At Regular Prices

KING'S TO-MORROW AT 12.20 p.m.

SPECIAL MATINEE

UNITED ARTISTS presents
"RIDERS TO THE STARS"

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

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Extra Performances of "THE GOLD RUSH"
At 12.30 p.m.
FREE 7 UP TO ALL PATRONS
DURING THE EXTRA PERFORMANCES
TO-MORROW SPECIAL MORNING SHOW
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M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR UNIVERSAL
CARTOONS. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
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FILMS

Cocorant & Coning
BY JANE ROBERTSThis Week's Films
In Pictures

Burt Lancaster explains Katharine Hepburn's rain, A scene from 'The Rainmaker', now at the King's and Princess.

The Rainmaker: Once again Katharine Hepburn has taken that unsympathetic representative of the feminine species, the spinster and made of her, not an object of pity, scorn or dislike, but a warm human being, sharp tongued only because misunderstood and difficult to get on with merely when treated as a misfit.

It's difficult to assess this film from the point of view of it was obviously meant to be taken by the originator as a number among my friends some charming and intelligent unmarried women of all ages who would collapse into paroxysms of mirth if it were suggested that their single state bothers them to the smallest degree. Katharine Hepburn, on the other hand, starts off in the picture by being acutely conscious of the opprobrium attached to the state of being single and is only that the menfolk on the ranch—her father and brother—are trying desperately to get her off their hands, with no success.

Rainless

The farm is not a very prosperous one and the conditions in this dry part of the west are further aggravated by the lack of even a small shower of rain.

Lizzie Curry's life is as dry as the weather and it looks as though the vicious circle that started with her father telling her that she was plain, continued as her acceptance of the verdict made her dull towards any vaguely interested male, and completed itself as male interest died when given the cold shoulder brought on by her own self doubt, would accompany her throughout her life.

The brother who is helping his father to marry her off has his own troubles however, as

his part and flirtatious girl friend is not at all to his father's taste and there's a general air of frustration about the Curry ranch when the travelling salesman arrives.

Burt Lancaster is no ordinary confidence man though and even the wary Currys are taken in by him. His trick is an old one. Perceiving that the most wanted commodity in the area is rain, he promises to use his gifts to produce this much wanted element. Before he can do so, however, his tricks are exposed and the fact that he is a charlatan wanted for various petty crimes in other parts of the country made only too plain. Lizzie, into whose eyes he has brought the first gleam of real happiness for many years is disillusioned and the others who have been caught up by his infectious gaiety feel cheated. Even the bullheads of the happy-go-lucky fellow himself evaporates as he shakes the dust of the town from his heels.

It's Obvious

The denouement is obvious, but if you have not been able to see it coming I will save the secret for you.

In the desert of pictures we have been getting recently this one stands out like a landmark. It is sensitive in places, earthy and real in others and at times uproariously funny. Always an admirer of Katharine Hepburn, there have been times when I have wished that she would not use so many of her own faced and tested mannerisms that though graphically underlining the situation, have been used so often that they have become almost irritating. In 'The Rainmaker' she has discarded most of them and the resulting sincerity makes this one of the best films she has made in the last few years. 'The Rainmaker' is very good entertainment.

A Greek Air?

Kronos: The title of this picture has a Greek air about it, but apart from the fact that scientist Jeff Morrow dubs the weird monster from outer space with the name of one of the Titans of mythology, father of Zeus, the connection is merely one of nomenclature.

The story of 'Kronos' is pure Hollywood fiction, with worried looking scientists and their glamorous assistants in deadly peril from 'Things' that walk and act like robots, but are motivated by the most evil intentions that the script writer can think up.

Jeff Morrow has appeared in so many science fiction pictures that it is difficult to imagine him in any other role. He once appeared as an American aviator during the war with Mexico and was also the despoiler of the object of Tony Curtis' affections in a film of which I can't remember the name but apart from that has stuck firmly to the imaginative world of strip, cat, and robots. It seems a pity, although not a great actor, his talents are wasted in stuff of this type.

When it is time to go to my opinion that if you like science

slices into the imaginations of filmwriters with a nodding acquaintance with scientific facts and don't mind the familiar mixture of pure-minded scientist, pretty assistant and self-seeking experimentalist, 'Kronos' is not a bad example of its kind. Barbara Lawrence is the girl.

Lost!

Beyond Mombasa: Leo Genn is another British actor who seems to have been lost to America. He will presumably join James Mason, Stewart Granger and the rest of our actors who find that although they may be cast in pictures the plots of which are driven, the resulting cash is not.

Donna Reed is another of these safari girls who tricks off into the jungle with no apparent means of support from her wardrobe, only to appear at any given moment—usually when the hero—who-is-masquerading-as-a-hell is about to enter her tent—in a glamorous get up that would not look out of place in Mayfair. Her appearance in the picture is due to the affection she bears her uncle, Leo Genn, whose smotherings we immediately begin to suspect.

Cornel Wilde, in the manner of all adventurers, has to make us, and the heroine, thoroughly dislike him before it is revealed that he is not the heartless money grubber he gave the impression of being.

If you think you've seen it before, let me assure you that it's new.

Astonished!

The Solid Gold Cadillac: I was astonished and not a little shocked to find that I had lost a friendly argument held earlier this week with the Queen's Theatre's astute and jovial manager, Jimmy Wu.

Let me hasten to add that this was due not to the conceit of thinking that I know better than he what would suit Hongkong's taste, but to a belief that the intelligence of Hongkong's westerners is decidedly above westerners and that they could not be so dumb as to pass over the delightful comedy of Judy Holiday.

My contention was that of course 'The Cadillac' would draw enough audiences to run the weekend and with that in fact it, the rather dated saga of Charlie Chaplin continuing to attract the customers at the Metropole and Sika. 'The Cadillac' more sophisticated humour seemed bound to outstrip the re-issue.

Inability?

After a further mental examination of my argument, I am convinced that my argument was not a bad example of its kind. I am sure that my argument was not a bad example of its kind.

to put over in characters the humour of fions in which most of the conveyer by a list of the brow for a highly exp- "Wow". On further reflection, however, this does not to be the full reason as seen Chinese audiences with laughter over the of one of their own actors of dialogue is practically existent and the action entirely mimed in dumb.

No prizes are offered in explanation of the phenomenon but I would be most inclined to get reader's views on it and when 'The Solid Cadillac' descends to their run cinemas, however, urge you not to miss Leo Holiday's naive quest for a one per cent share of company meeting being smoothly through by doctors in order to concentrate shindy practices are a fair her eager innocence against the shrewd instincts of those who they excels just the amount associated with alien clowns.

Fred Clark, always a comedian, performs with Paul Douglas acting as dyspeptic hero is like any bear.

No Fanta

Hot Summer Night

Without a great deal of "Hot Summer Night" descended on the stage and Liberty theatres in spite of the not unknown names of the principals in the cast, very well made and a satisfying film.

The first time Leslie made most of an impression was as the hard-boiled in "Ransom", who played reasonably and logically sympathetic friend of the harassed father who had been kidnapped. A sensitive and thoughtful performance and showed this young man was not one of the mouthe who make so much in the film business.

His second appearance nearly as convincing as the costumes supposed to be the fashions to come in space age, has taken the of the universe to a new of equally silly gaudy rocketed into the sky to meet Ann Francis, who played in "Forbidden Planet". This was a piece of cartoon-strip nonsense and nothing for him at.

A Report

He's back as a person in "Hot Summer Night" this time no money to back him up and a belief to take on their home.

No special mention to the fact that the picture has to wait around for the truth about the picture that the frightened picture are trying to hide, but the producing team of the picture and David Pro have commendation for the in which they have the suspense to a climax needs attention.



In RKO show
At 11.00 a.m.
"THE KIDNAP"
Burt Lancaster



Against the Skin
and the
Burt Lancaster

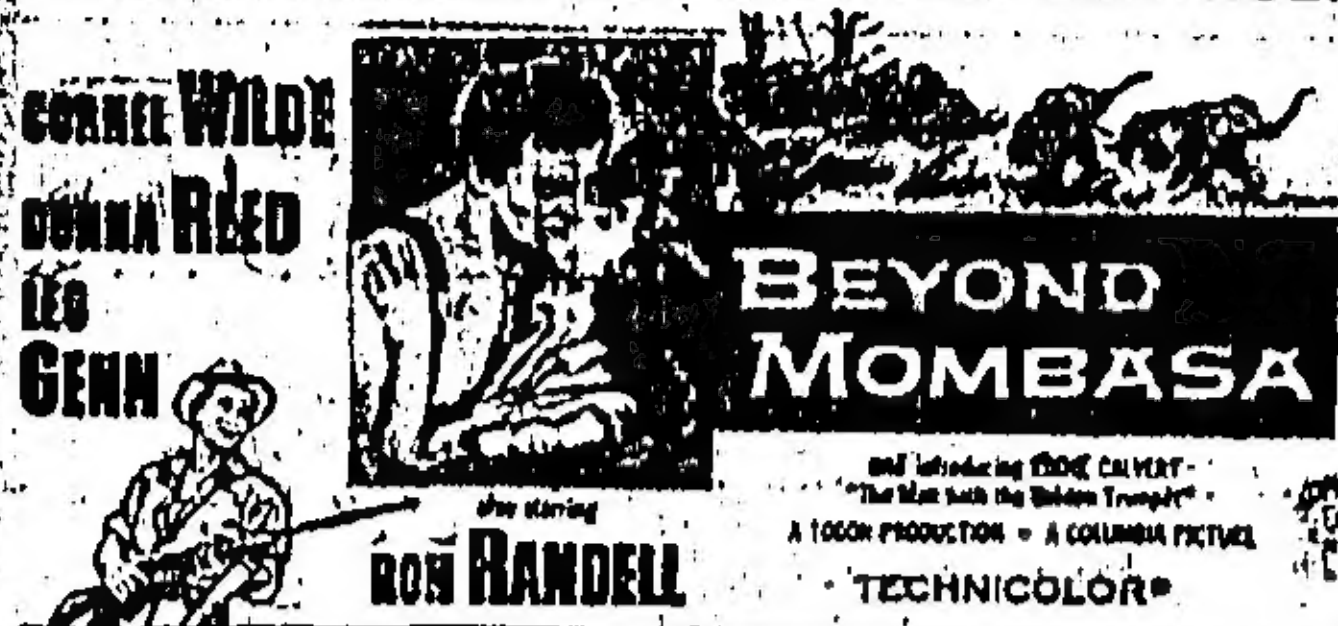


Against the Skin
and the
Burt Lancaster

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY

WHERE PASSIONS FLARE BEYOND CONTROL

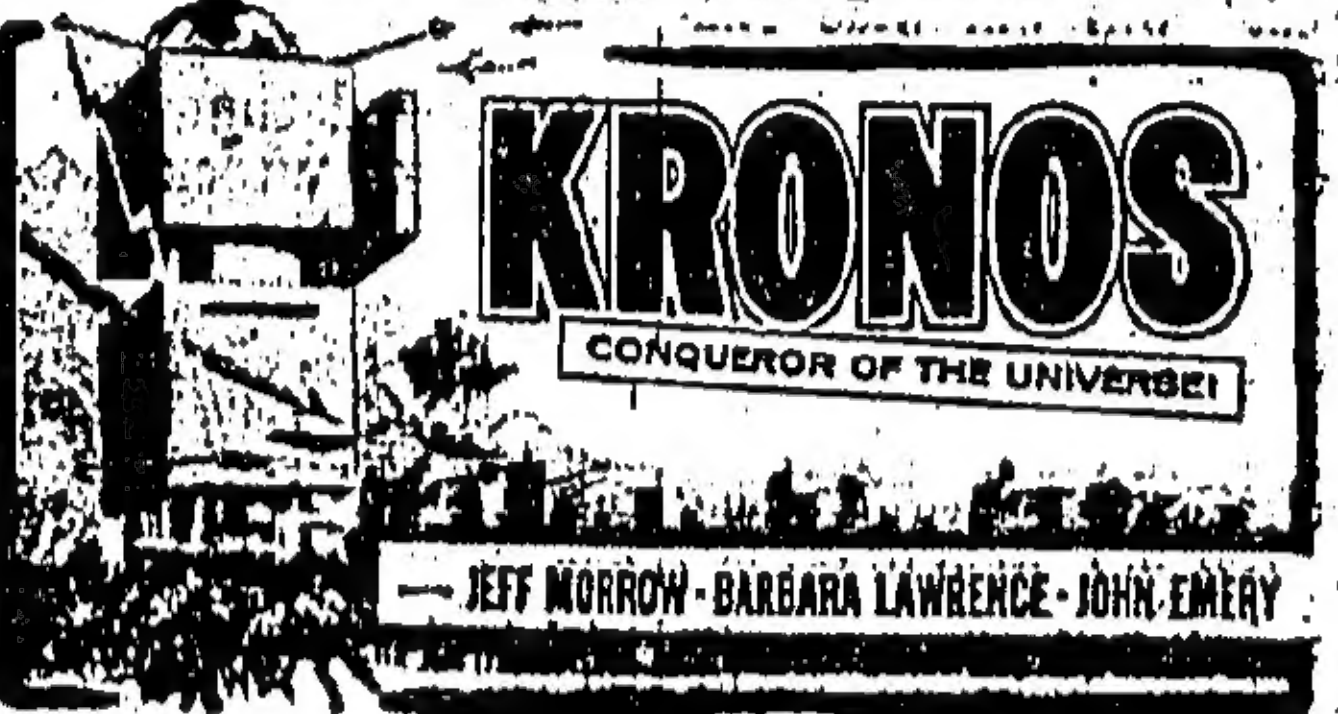


5 SHOWS TO-MORROW

ROXY & BROADWAY

LAST 3 SHOWS TO-DAY
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20th CENTURY-FOX presents



GALA PREMIERE TO-NIGHT AT 9.30 P.M.

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ROXY: At 12.00 Noon || BROADWAY: At 12.30 p.m.United Artists, presents in SuperScope & Color
"VERA CRUZ"

Starring: Burt LANCASTER & Gary COOPER

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BROADWAY: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 11.00 a.m. FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS — At Reduced Prices —

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TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

A MOTION PICTURE TO EXCITE AND ENTERTAIN THE SENSES! A SMASH HIT IN EVERY COUNTRY!

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The Kiss That Started It All!

ALAN LADD CLIFFTON WEBER SOPHIA LOREN

Morning Show To-morrow 12.30

"GROUCHO BRONX"

To-morrow Morning Show

"SON OF SINDBAD"

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

FINAL TO-DAY

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THE CHINA MAIL PHOTO COMPETITION

Your Best News Pictures Can Win Prizes

The China Mail today announces a photographic competition for which a total of \$500 will be awarded in prizes.

The competition is to be held in two sections—the best two news photographs and the best two human interest or "animal interest" photos.

Entry is free. The rules and regulations are published in adjoining columns.

The first prize in each section will be \$150. The second prize will be \$100.

The China Mail will announce the closing date of the competition later.

What kind of a picture makes news?

Obviously a car crash, a ship on fire, a house on fire, landslide damage, a typhoon at its height—the spectacular action shots that make you gasp.

THE LESS OBVIOUS

But then there are the less obvious but equally newsworthy photographs—an exciting finish at Happy Valley, a hefty shot putter putting the shot, a flash finish in a 100-yards dash, a high diver doing a somersault, a Gurkhas' hill race, a low-flying jet zooming over spectators' heads at an air display, fishermen catching a shark or a Manta Ray, a spearfisherman at work underwater, snow on Lantau Peak, a regimental band trooping the colour... the field is wide open.

But obviously pictures of formal ceremonies like the opening of a new school, laying of foundation stones, VIPs inspecting parades come into the "routine category" and cannot expect to qualify.

THREE POINTS

What the China Mail is looking for is the UNUSUAL, DRAMATIC SHOTS, FAST ACTION, and these pictures need not be immediately topical though these are obviously preferred.

If you have taken a good picture in previous years of say a fire, typhoon damage, a ship ablaze in Hongkong harbour—these will qualify and be given equal consideration with present-day shots.

But then there are more gentle scenes which come into the category of "human interest" or "animal interest" which make equally good newspaper pictures. Children, people, animals—that quaint shot which tells its own story.

TO BE ANNOUNCED

To help you, the China Mail will publish a number of pictures taken by our own Staff photographers or by contributors next week to illustrate the kind which qualify.

The closing date of the competition and the panel of judges who will select the winners will be announced later.

NOW READ THE RULES AND REGULATIONS—AND THEN GET BUSY WITH YOUR CAMERAS.

Rules And Regulations

Entry is free.

Each entrant may submit two photographs in each section.

All entries must be accompanied by the printed slip below, duly completed and signed.

All entries must be preferably on glossy-finish paper and measure 6 x 8 or larger.

All entries must carry a caption adequately describing the photograph.

Touched photographs will not be accepted.

Photographs should be topical but good news photographs taken in previous years are acceptable.

The China Mail cannot accept entries from any members of the staff or their families of the South China Morning Post Ltd.

Photographs known to have been published in any newspaper, magazine or periodical in this Colony or in any part of the world will not be accepted.

All entries submitted become the property of the China Mail and the China Mail reserves the right to exhibit and publish some or all of the entries at a later date.

All photographs must have been taken in Hongkong by the entrant.

The editor reserves the right to refuse any entry if it is considered in any way offensive, or if it is otherwise unsuitable.

The China Mail reserves the right to determine the size of each published picture.

Responsibility can be accepted for any efficiencies claimed either in processing or printing but every effort will be made to reproduce photographs to the best of its newspaper's ability.

The judges' decision is final and no complaints or appeals will be entertained.

All entries should be either posted or delivered to the Editor, the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong, in a stiff-backed envelope to avoid damage.

WHERE'S MY FINGER—AND THE POLICE FOUND IT

Turin. Italian Police last week reported their search for a man's missing finger was successful.

A police spokesman said the request for the search was made by 65-year-old Luigi Musso.

The spokesman said Musso visited a local police station saying: "I have lost the fourth finger of my left hand. I want you to help me look for it."

I LOST IT...

"I probably lost it last night but only realised on waking up this morning that I had only nine fingers," Musso told unbelieveing police inspectors.

At first police inspectors believed Musso was mad. "But a full-day investigation disclosed the man did actually lose his finger during a wild drinking night."

Musso, after having several drinks in various bars, was thrown out of one by the owner who felt he had enough to drink, police said.

CUT OFF

In the course of the forceful expulsion Musso's left hand was caught in the bar door, changed hard behind him. His ring-finger was cut off neatly.

Police said that apparently under the effect of the drinks, Musso felt nothing. He returned home to sleep waking up having forgotten everything. It was then he realised he had a missing finger.—United Press.

INTERESTING NEWS STORIES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

TOURING SPINSTERS FROM AMERICA TO SEEK HUSBANDS

London. Handsome Betty Murray of New York is cruising Europe these days drawing up a list of eligible bachelors for a brand new kind of tour for hopeful American spinsters.

Next year the sharp, efficient Miss Murray hopes to be able to promise a plane-load of unmarried young—or even youngish—American ladies a trip that will include among the usual sightseeing an introduction to the best bachelors still on the loose.

"Bit ticklish arranging dinner, tea or drinks with some of the types on my list," said Miss Murray, "but I think it will all work out all right. It ought to be a real ball, once the obstacles are out of the way."

Obstacles

Obstacles mean very little to the tall, blonde who is, by the way, unmarried herself. She is just completing another plane load of young ladies thought was only barely possible. She arranged seats at the best shows here and in Paris and introductions to Sir Laurence Olivier and Ingrid Bergman for 51 theatrical fans. "Among the bachelors I've jotted down tentatively," she said, "are Billy Wallace and Christopher Lloyd in Britain, Ali Khan in Paris, German movie star Horst Buchholz and a dozen or so Italian, Austrian and Scandinavian noblemen. "Who knows what might happen when eligible American girls meet eligible European men?"—United Press.

BANG—And Jesse Had Swallowed His Shilling

London. The sheriff was after the bad men. Bullets flew fast and thick about the screen of the Granada Theatre, Sydenham. And seven-year-old James Allison—"Jesse James"—in his partner's seat with excitement. His fist clenched tight over the shilling that represented one ice-cream and the bus fare home.

TOO MUCH

Then the sheriff ran into trouble. Part of the band, crew crept up behind him. The suspense was too much. "Look out!" screamed James. His hand flew to his mouth in fear for his hero—and in popped a slightly sticky shilling.

As the sheriff fought desperately, guns blazing, James whispered to his friend, Derek Richardson, who lives near him in Trilby Road, Forest Hill. "I've swallowed my shilling." He struggled along the row to an usherette who took him to the manager. "It doesn't hurt," he explained. "... but it's my bus fare home."

BUS FARE

The manager took him to hospital, and within five minutes he had been "X"-rayed. His bus fare was lodged in his breast ribs.

The hospital said they will keep him under observation for 24 hours to see if the shilling moves before deciding whether to operate.

And James? He refused to go to sleep until he got this message from his friend Derek: "The sheriff shot his way out."

A Case Of Hands

Nottingham. "Take your hands out of your pockets," said the magistrate to the prisoner at Nottingham Assize Court. "I can't," said the prisoner. "The police have taken away my belt and suspenders."—United Press.

GAD, SIR, A GIRL!

London. Gad, Sir, a girl? was the shocked cry from blue blazered Oxford University rowing crews today. It was revealed that the rowing team from Corpus Christi College at the University had substituted a blonde complete with flannel trousers, blazer and floppy hat as theircoxswain in the hallowed "bumps" race on the River Isis. The crew admitted that it had "gently persuaded" its male cox, Jim Spurrell, to leave his post and let Alison de Courcy-Ireland sit in on the steering. "She had a voice like an angel," the crew commented. But by tradition, a girl just doesn't beat in the races.—United Press.

DOLL HIT BLIND MAN—NOW HE SEES

London. A BLOW on the head from a small, black doll has restored his full sight to Mr James Winnard three weeks before his wedding day. The doll named Coco was dropped by a child boarding a bus. An aunt picked it up and threw it aboard as the bus moved off. Mr Winnard, sitting near the platform, was hit on the temple.

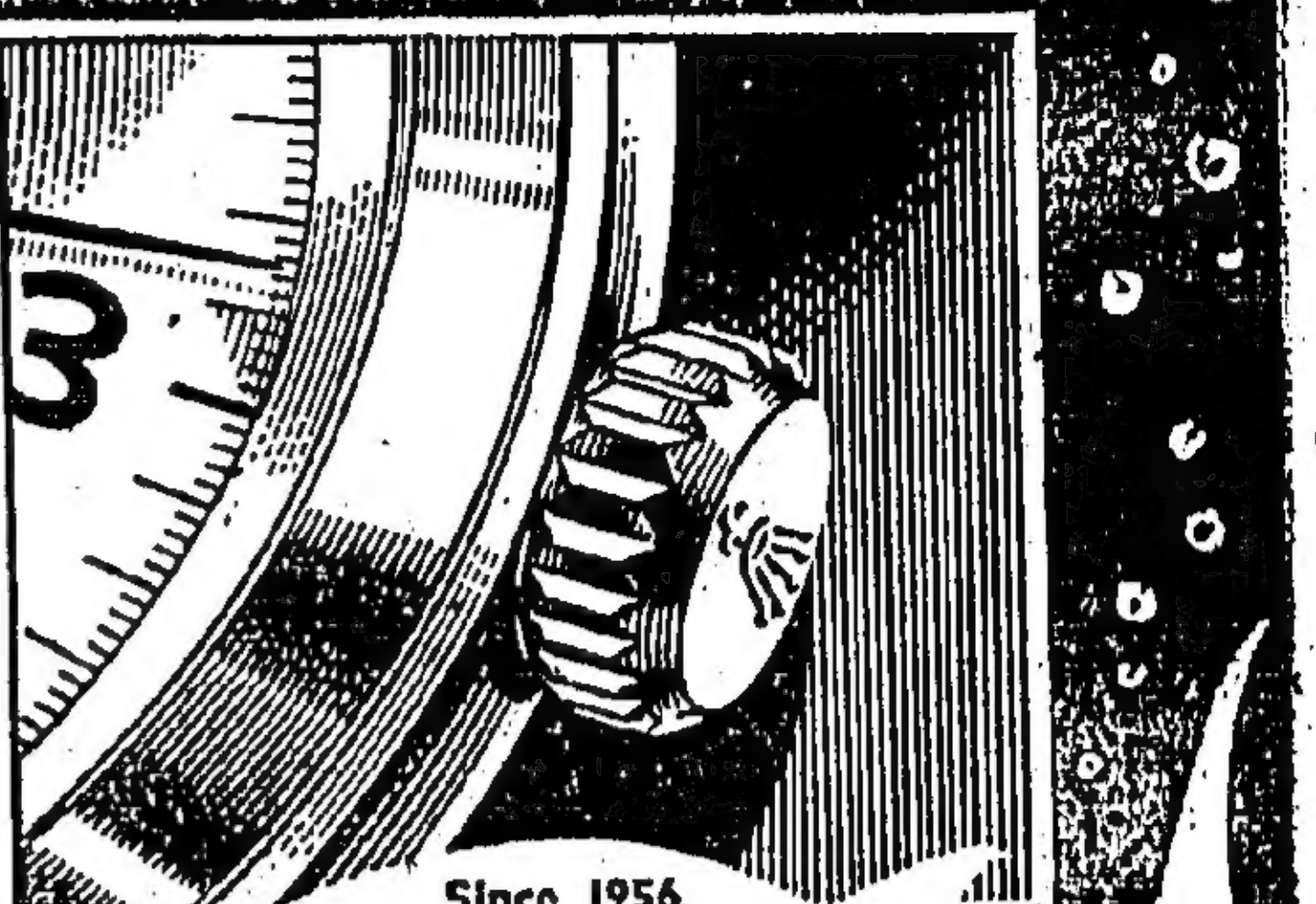
Three hours later Mr Winnard, of Westhoughton, Lancashire, could see clearly for the first time in his life. He had been nearly blind for 20 years.

Fifty-nine-year-old Mr Winnard's sight returned as he sat at home with his fiancée, Miss Sarah Walsh, who is 53. "I took my glasses off," he said last night, "and I could see perfectly."

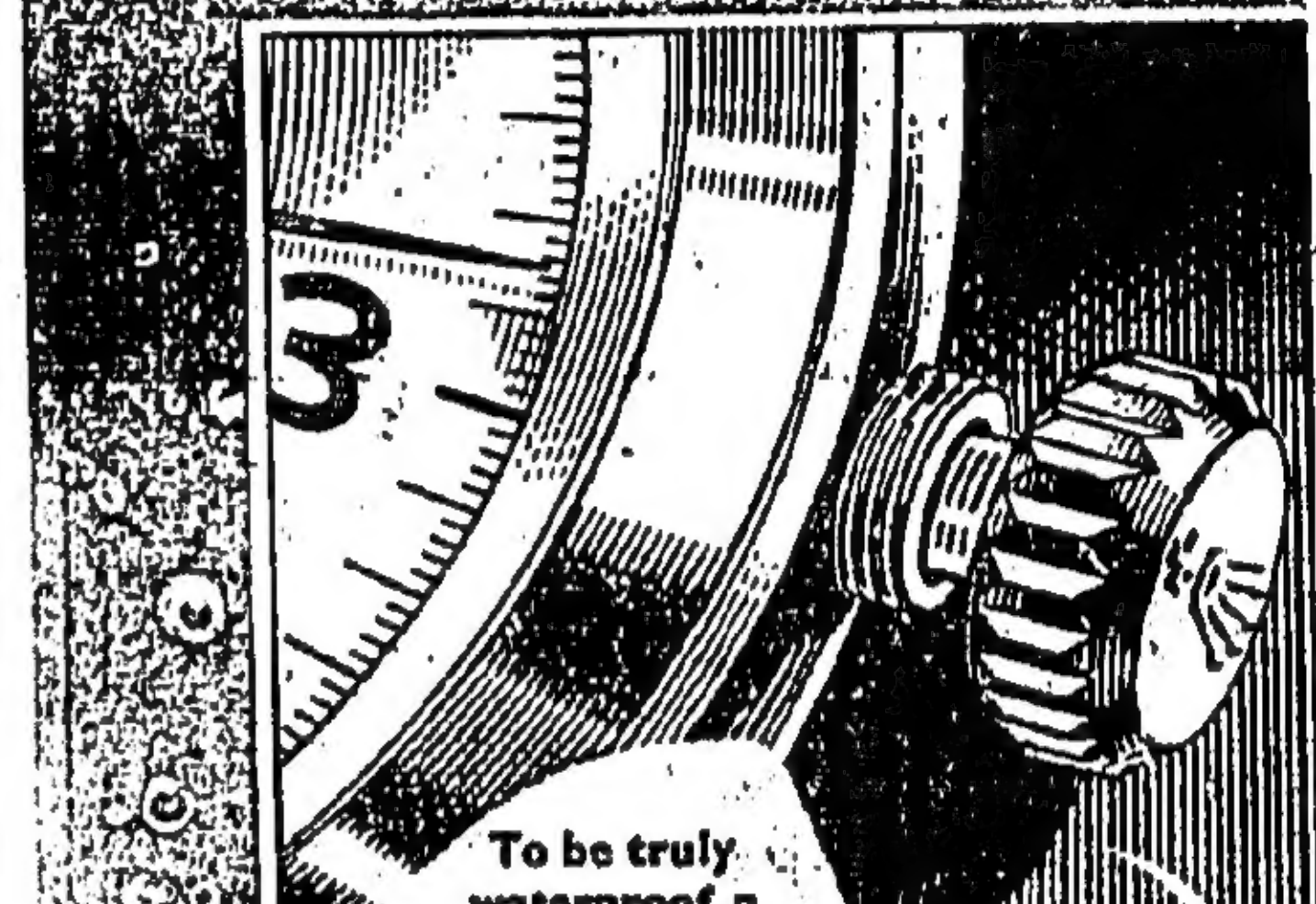
He has worn spectacles since he was six. Now he need wear the "pebble lenses" no more... thanks to Coco—and an aunt's bad aim.

27 fathoms down

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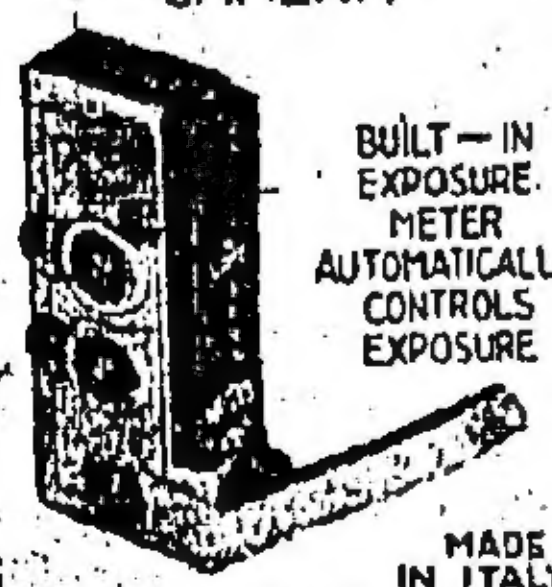


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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ROYAL PORTRAIT—but not of a Royal Lady. The picture, a chalk on canvas portrait, is one of 800 works on display at the Royal Institute Galleries. Model is Lady Laycock, wife of Malta's Governor-General Robert Laycock. But it is signed in one corner "MK"—initials of Princess Marina, Britain's Duchess of Kent. (Express)

Said the man with the moustache to Mrs Killion "Hand her up to me. She'll see much better from here." So Mrs Killion, near the Prime Minister's box at the back of the crowd handed up four-year-old Kathleen. When the ceremony was all over Mrs Killion was told that the man was Harold Macmillan. "Well!" said she, "the sun was in my eyes. I didn't recognise him."

LEFT: What Kathleen saw. (Express)



Dr Kwame Nkrumah, Premier of Ghana, arriving in Liverpool for Commonwealth Premiers' Conference presided by the Rev. G. Daniels Ekan.

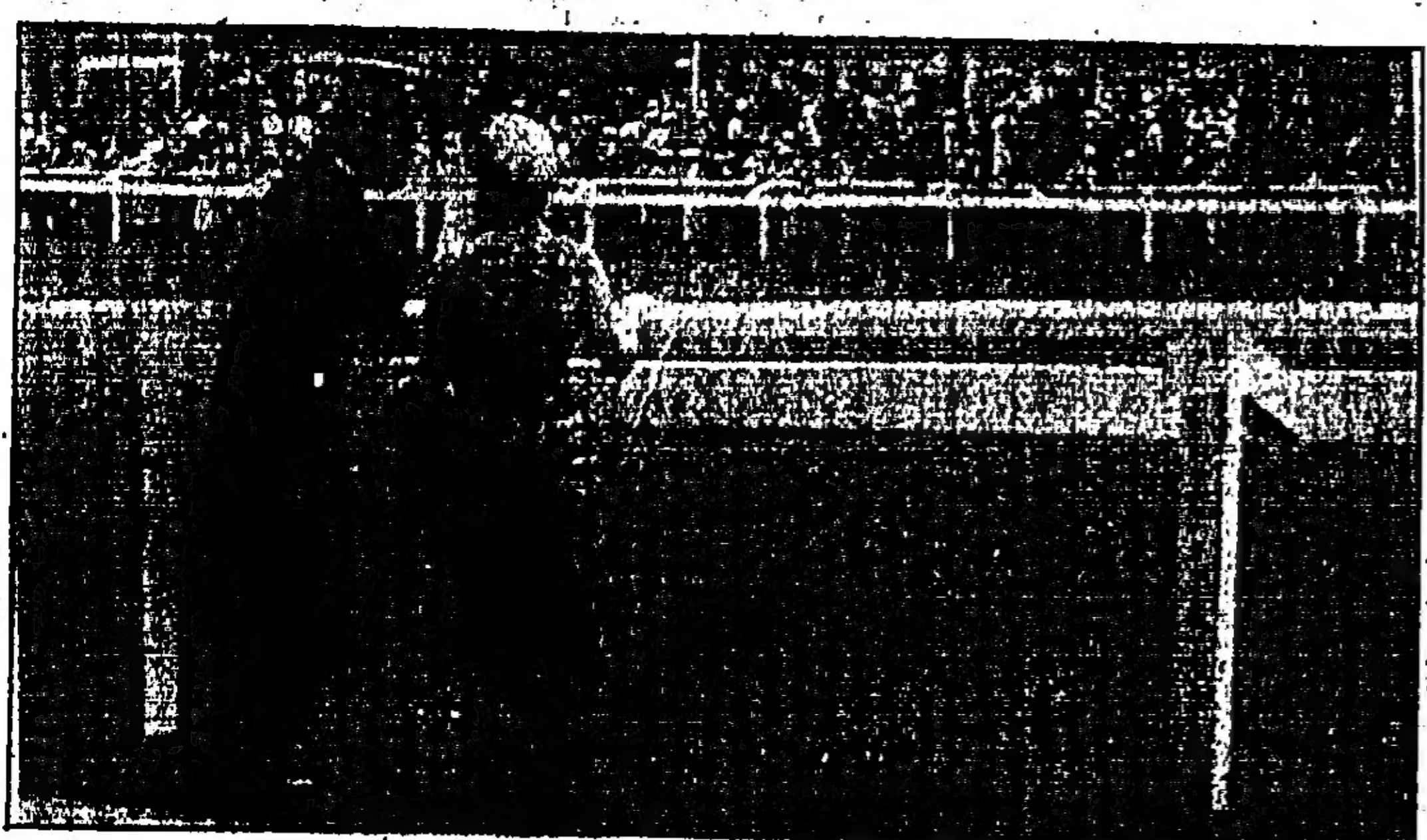
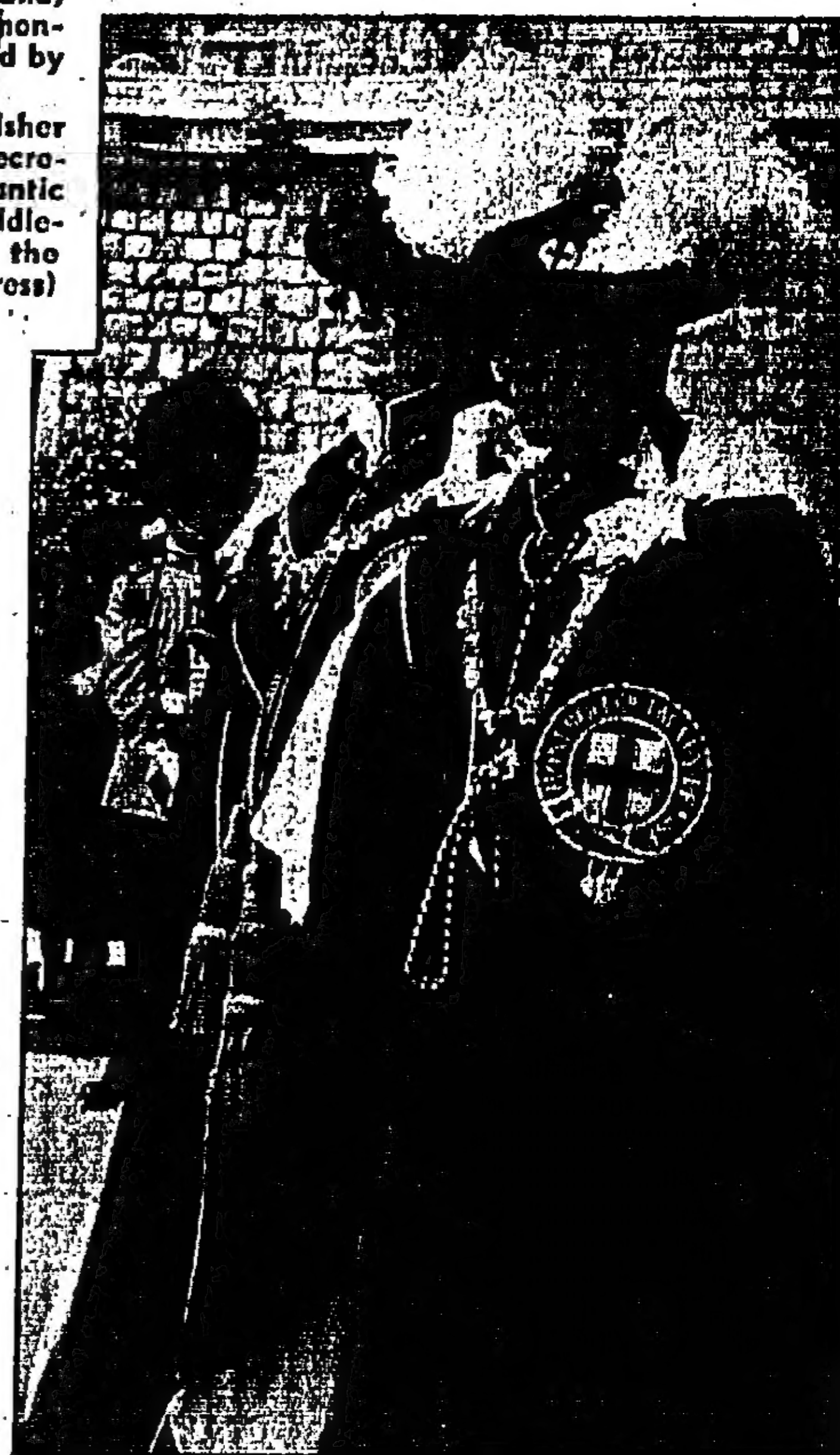
RIGHT: Two new knights in fisher blue—Lord Islay, for Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, and Middleton, 21 years Lord Lieutenant of the East Riding. (Express)



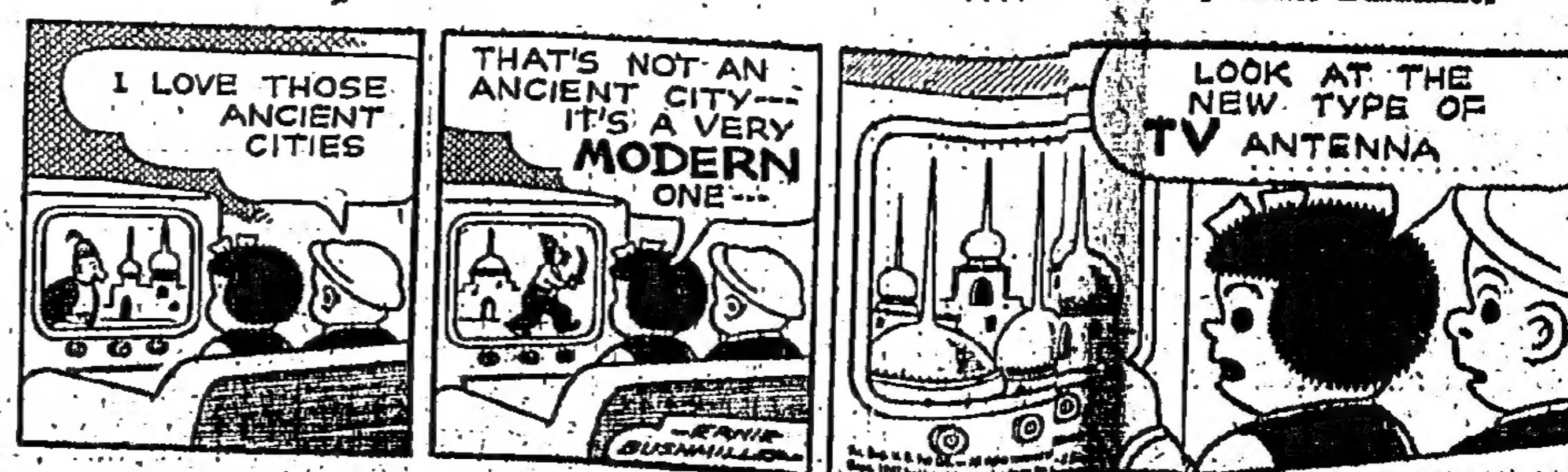
Sunshades needed. Parasols may not be in fashion, but the Queen Mother borrows a man's umbrella at Royal Ascot—most fashionable racing function in the world. Many were the exotic hats brought out by Society beauties, but this chap's (left) was exotic too—blue and red check and a dark green eyeshade. Still, some people just never wear hats, and to prove it—below—Prince Charles riding down the Mall. (Express)



Nurse Ogilvie of Jamaica presents the flowers when Princess Margriet opened the Talbot Settlement Hostel for West Indian women in Cornwall. LEFT: Now escort—Lord Patrick Beresford at Ascot, with whom Princess Margaret walked from the Royal Enclosure between races, leaned on the rail and seemed to have little time to spare for studying the runners. (Express)



NANCY



ROWNTREES



A TEA TIME TREAT



I see they had to tow it in.

COLOMBO CRISIS

Colombo, Ceylon. CIVIL war threatens the lush green tea island of Ceylon.

The north is raising the black flag of revolt against domination by a would-be "herrenvolk" in the south.

I flew in to find hatred and fear brooding beneath the swaying coconut palms, and mounting preparations for violence as ominous as the dark masses of monsoon storm clouds that shut out the sun.

This is the situation just nine years after Ceylon was given independence from Britain because its two major races lived happily together.

Now the two communities are bitterly opposed.

In the south, six million wavy-haired, generally Indo-European people voted in a near Communist government fifteen months ago. The government won power on a pledge that Sinhalese would be the only official language to replace English.

In the north, one million Tamil-speaking Ceylonese, hard-working men of South Indian origin who often sport Hitler-type mustaches, are refusing to accept this language domination.

They say it will make them second class citizens. They can count on allies another million Tamils of more recent immigration whom the government refuses to give Ceylonese nationality.

Hatred has smoldered since the language bill was passed in the Sinhalese-dominated parliament a year ago.

Last summer it flared up in communal riots that claimed a known hundred dead.

Now the bitter controversy moves toward island-wide clashes and virtual civil war with the announcement that the Tamils will begin a civil disobedience campaign in August.

TAXES AND TICKETS

That means they will not pay taxes, will ride on trains without tickets, and side-step every law they can. The campaign will be led by Queen's Counsel Mr. Chelvanayakam.

The Tamils threaten to keep the campaign going until they have an autonomous state of their own, with Tamil as its official language, keeping only Federal links with Colombo.

Nobody here expects the restraint of non-violence to last long in this fabled Turkish bath climate.

The climate is blamed for Ceylon having the highest murder rate in the world. Six murders per 100,000 people, against five in America.

Already government ministers are stoned by black flag-carrying mobs when they venture into Tamil areas.

The 58-year-old Premier, Solomon Bandaranaike, who has Marxists in his People's United Front Cabinet, plans to recruit a 100,000 strong youth section to his own Freedom party, which could become a sort of private army.

Police last week banned charged extremists among his own Sinhalese community who were trying to reach his Colombo house to demonstrate against his slightly conciliatory promise that his government would take steps for a "reasonable" use of Tamil.

"The jungle," I do not love you Banda dear, because you change from year to year, is a Sinhalese joke.

Little regard seems to have been paid to his appeal for reason, in which he said: "Our dear Motherland seems to be on the brink of catastrophe and disaster."

China Mail Special

THE MYSTERY CLUB

No. 3 in a mystery series

"THIS story," I told my fellow-members of the Mystery Club, "isn't a true story. Frankly, I'm making it up."

"Fair enough," Stelm Appleby said. "One can't expect an industrious romancer to save much time for the merely factual. Go ahead."

"Indeed," I went on, "it's scarcely a story at all. It's about a story. Or better, it's at the ethics of a story."

"The ethics of any story," Byatt, the surgeon, looked at me dubiously through a wreath of smoke. "Do detective stories, and so forth, have ethics? To seem to me to be mostly about a disastrous lack of them."

"Not at all," I lied stiffly. "A little time ago, you were talking about every branch of the medical profession having its own ethical problems. Well, it's the same with the craft of fiction."

"The greatest was dealing with the deepest matters, have always to consider whether they are playing fair — to their characters, to the truth of their imagination to the universe as they conceive the universe to be. And the same with the humblest sort of writing."

"There's always a need to play fair. The reader is judge and jury, and he's entitled to all the evidence."

"This metaphor naturally prompted my lawyer to chip in. 'You mean,' Elrick asked, 'not suppressing clues, and that sort of thing?'"

"Just that. Or making the clues adequate clues. If they are too obvious, you insult the intelligence of your reader. If they are too tenuous, he may feel cheated and want his money back."

Byatt chuckled. "He won't get it."

"Or he may feel he wants his time back, which is worse. So it's up to the conscientious writer to do his best—and I assure you he commonly does." I asserted this with modest firmness.

"And now, I'll tell you about Katkin and his letter. And about Serracino and his flat."

"Katkin?" Byatt asked.

"Katkin is the head of a foreign government," I paused. "But I think I'll tell you about Serracino first. That will be fairer. And this is all a matter of fairness, as I've said."

"Notice the chap's name, to begin with, Serracino. It's thoroughly exotic, which is a strong hint that he's a bad hat. His manners are displeasing, too, and his taste is execrable."

VARIED TASTES

"For instance, there's this flat I mentioned. I quite spread myself in describing the living-room. It's the sort of place in which liqueur bottles have been turned into lamp-stands and ash-trays are offered you by bronze nudes, and cigarette-lighters lurk in small suits of armour, and papier-mache galleons stand on chests displaying dates like '1584' or '1666', and the curtains—"

"Yes, yes," Byatt interrupted. "We see the room. And so."

"But Serracino shows some signs of serious pursuits. Photography, for instance."

"And he is something of a reader. There are lots of books in that showy room, including a remarkable collection of detective stories, from Edgar Allan Poe and Conan Doyle down to the present day. Well, that's Serracino. Now I can go back to Katkin."

Byatt shook his head. "I don't think," he said, "that this is going to be at all a well-constructed story. But go on. Katkin is the head of a foreign government."

"Just that. And he writes a

He theft of the Downing St. letter

to the Prime Minister. I know that the Ministers aren't often in London nowadays, but I think still a convention valuable for a story.

Well, Katkin's letter to Lord Aarn is stolen. That's what the story is about. It's a missing letter.

Who was our host, at that point, passed the brandy. "My reliable kind," he murmured, "unambiguously. 'Pro-'

of he letter is stolen," I read. "And somebody very important is looking for it. He might be a spy, or a thief, or a madman. I'll call him 'Appy' among ourselves."

Appy reached for the letter. "Thank you very much," he said. "I hope I don't fallow on the job."

"Think you're not going to do that," I said. "And now let me discuss the letter, and explain the circumstances of the theft."

TRIBLY IMPORTANT

"The letter isn't very long, but it's very important. And it's a home affair. You couldn't tuck away just anywhere. Katkin, having risen from humble circumstances to the post of a virtual dictator, deliriously commands of all the it makes his per—"

Byatt looked up from his rum. "What's 'you'?" he asked. "You must understand the form of a story—"

"I say," I said, "it's often more difficult to write quite explicit about a point."

"Is it? I wouldn't have thought so," I said. "I've been thinking of breathing rather than 'well, I said.'"

"I told you, in which Katkin's letter is stolen aren't important, but they can probably be worked into something in itself—"

"I've been thinking of breathing rather than 'well, I said.'"

"I've been thinking of breathing rather than 'well, I said.'"

"I've been thinking of breathing rather than 'well, I said.'"



Appley is haunted by the feeling that he has seen something pointing straight at the truth.

London Express Service

Appley is haunted by the feeling that he has seen something pointing straight at the truth.

in high places. You know the sort of thing."

Byatt nodded. "We do," he said with emphasis.

"Appley is swiftly on the scene. And after one or two false casts his suspicion comes to rest on Serracino. Although Serracino, as I've explained, is rather a low, flashy person, he has in some mysterious way had the opportunity to slich Katkin's vitally important letter from Lord Auldearn's desk."

PHONE TAPPED

"Appley is pretty well certain of his quarry. Serracino's flat is watched. His telephone is tapped. He is overheard ringing up a surgeon."

Byatt was startled. "A surgeon?"

"An unsuccessful and drunken surgeon called Burgo, now well known to the police as being in the pay of a foreign power."

"I see," Byatt took this soberly.

"What Serracino is heard saying to Burgo is that he is holding something rather interesting, and that perhaps Burgo might care to call."

"That is enough for Appley. He obtains a search-warrant and raids Serracino's flat."

"Does the Prime Minister?" Elrick inquired curiously, "go along, too?"

"No. He sits in suspense at No. 10."

"Well, there is nothing found on Serracino's person. So Appley and his assistants begin a minute search of the flat."

"They are, as you may imagine, extremely skilled at the job. But they find nothing. The reader is now in suspense, too. Or he ought to be."

"My dear fellow," Byatt murmured, "I feel my own pulso pounding at this moment. Con-"

"Byatt—rather disagreeably, I felt—gave a hollow groan."

"And that's all," I said rather abruptly. "Have I afforded a decent clue?"

STORY CLUE

There was a blank silence. Then Elrick spoke in his dry solicitor's way.

"Didn't you say something about photography? Perhaps Serracino had got Katkin's letter on to a tiny scrap of microfilm, and then destroyed the original?" I shook my head.

"Poe." It was Appley—the real Appley—who spoke.

"Your precious detective had Poe's Purlined Letter knocking at his thick skull—the letter that couldn't be seen just because it was so utterly obviously displayed."

"Exactly!" I looked at Appley with considerable affection. "And when my man tumbled to that, how did it lead him straight to Katkin's letter?"

Appley shook his head. "I haven't," he said—"a clue."

I looked at the others in despair. Their faces were completely vacant.

"But the room!" I cried. "Don't you remember what kind of room it was? Try to imagine the lamp-shades?"

"Lamp—shades?" Appley shook his head. I thought I had never seen a man look so singularly idiotic.

"Made out of old parchment or vellum documents, wills, leases, indentures—any old thing. You must have seen them! And Serracino had simply posted—"

"Yes, of course." It was Elrick, our host, who broke in briskly. "Jolly good. Jolly good—stupid of us. Capital story. It will make—really capital. Now, will somebody spin that brandy?"

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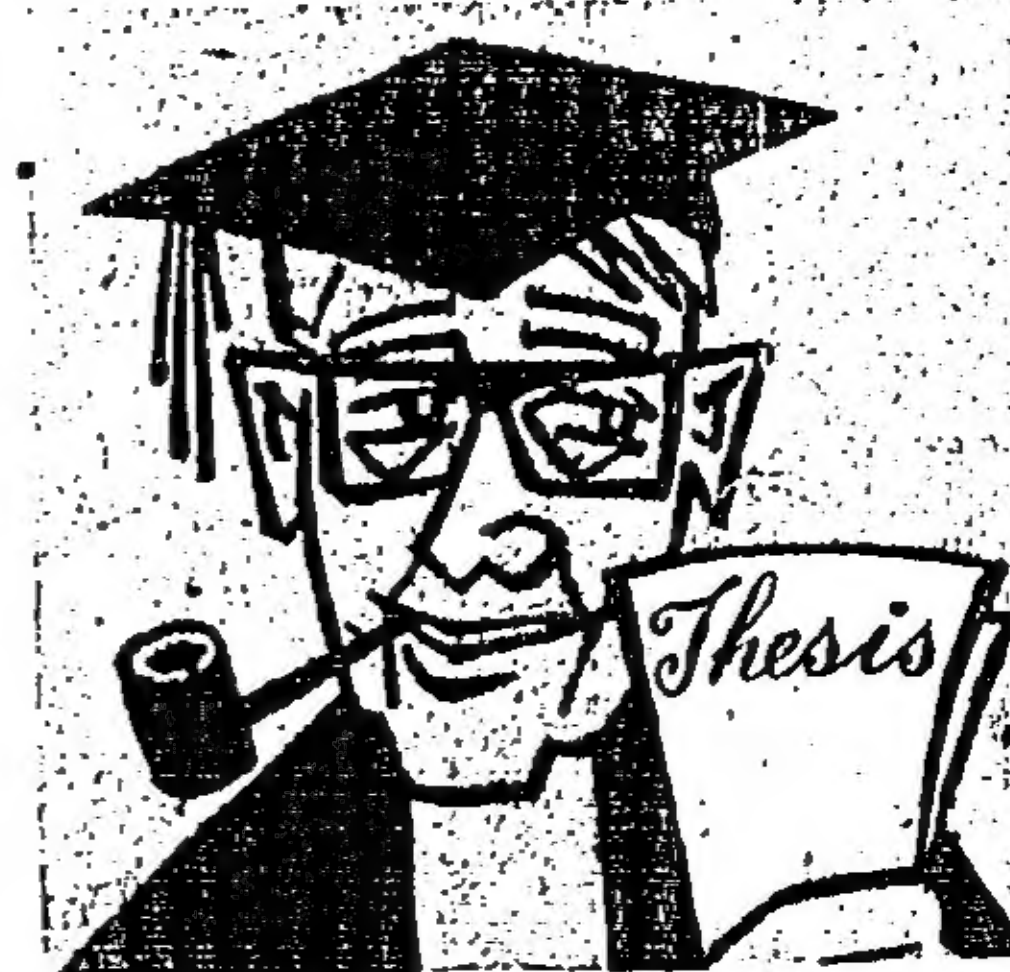
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Sneezing? Try dark glasses

HAVE you been sneezing lately? It may be just a summer cold of course. But your attack may be the result of an allergy.

Of course, my patient wanted to know what she was allergic to. It seemed that every June she suffered from a curious sort of summer cold "that seems to go on and on."

"I get these sneezing attacks, nasal catarrh, and my eyes water sometimes," Mrs. Clark explained.

She was describing the symptoms of hay fever. Some people suffer from a sore throat too, and assume they have an infection. In fact it's all part of the same allergic process.

"You mean I have an allergy to hay?" Mrs. Clark asked surprised.

"No, no," I said.

Hay fever is misnamed. It is not due to hay, nor is it accompanied by a fever. It is the result of being allergic to grass pollen and that's why doctors call it grass pollinosis. Sometimes it can be baffling. For example, susceptible children playing in the grass may get a mild rash owing to pollen that has entered minute abrasions in the skin. Occasionally, also, those subject to grass pollinosis suffer an associated asthma.

"But you, like most people, don't get a severe form of hay fever," I continued, "and so you have mistaken it for a summer cold."

Danger months

MRS CLARK wanted to know why I was certain that grass pollen was the culprit. Not something else.

It was the time of the year that made me sure. Grass pollinosis is restricted to the months of June and July. Before and after that period, allergic catarrh or sneezing attacks may be due to flower or tree pollen. As some people know to their cost, hazel, willow, silver birch, alder, plane, elm and oak are not just lovely flowering trees for poets to use. To some allergic people, they merely spell attack, and where's the poetry in a sneeze?

ALL IN A DOCTOR'S DAY by CEDRIC CARNE

"Well, since I have hay fever, what's to be done about it?" Mrs. Clark asked. "Antihistamines!"

The treatment of allergic diseases is to find the cause of the allergy and then remove it.

Sometimes allergies may be traced to the ginger cat. The cat can be given to a neighbor. It is not the cat but your ginger-headed husband it's a bit more tricky.

"What I'm getting at," I explained, "is that it's not so simple to avoid grass pollen during the summer. Of course, there is less grass pollen in the center of a large city than in the country."

No picnics

"So you don't advise that I and my husband go on picnics," Mrs. Clark said.

"But aren't there injections that can cure hay fever?"

The course of injections she referred to needs to be begun during the winter months. This year Mrs. Clark had come for advice too late. In any case a mild type of hay fever can be alleviated by taking the antihistamine drugs.

As I wrote out the prescriptions she asked me if there was anything else she could do. Apart from obvious measures, like giving up gardening and activities of this kind, I recommended she wear dark glasses.

"Dark glasses are particularly helpful if you are fair-skinned," I said to Mrs. Clark. Why? Because the eyes during a hay fever attack are sensitive to the light. The fairer a person the less pigment in the eyes and skin. The pigment can still act as a curtain against strong sunlight. So fair-skinned people with, say, blue eyes need an extra "curtain."

"I'll wear the glasses," Mrs. Clark said. "Anything that will help my hay fever is not to be sneezed at."

Prince Charles and the way he will be brought up

Is there a factor the public knows little about?

A China Mail fact-finding journey

The journey covers much of Europe and reaches this conclusion:

The facts that can be told are

of profound

importance to

everyone.

interested in

the Royal Family

Tremendous discussion will spring from this report beginning in Monday's China Mail

NON-STOP DUKE

by

ANNE EDWARDS
Refreshing
of course...but
I'm just a little nervous



PHILIP, as the Queen remarked recently, is the limit.

Zippering across Europe with the energy of a whizz bomb, he is a new dual version of the young man in the ads who will "do anything, go anywhere."

And, I might add, "say anything" too.

He's the Non-Stop Duke — as liable to pop up in Dortmund as the Dorchester.

In the afternoon he will inspect soldiers in Germany and on the same evening give an address to distinguished guests at a dinner in London. In the morning he'll be at church in Berkshire, drive to Sussex to play polo, and then back home by car and plane for dinner with the family in Norfolk the same night.

Tiring just to look

JUST looking at his schedule for one day is tiring. On Sunday he got back from the family wedding in Salem, Germany, landed at White Waltham in the afternoon, dropped his mother off at Windsor Castle, and went on to play a game of polo.

On Tuesday at 7.17 a.m. he flew to Soest, Westphalia, to visit the Royal Canadian Regiment, of which he is Colonel-in-Chief.

It was the wettest day for one month, but he walked out on to the parade ground in battle dress to watch the men of the regiment's first battalion go through their paces.

He lunched there and then flew back to England, arriving at 6.15 p.m.

At 7.50 he arrived at the Royal Geographical Society dinner at the Hyde Park Hotel in white tie and decorations.

Dinner began at 8.5. Speeches at 9.10 (Philip's lasted about 10 minutes—0.20).

Dinner over at 9.50. Philip left after 11. He stood talking to people after dinner for a good hour, and he didn't sit down at all.

Nor did he sit down before dinner. In fact, the only time he sat during the whole evening was when he was actually dining.

On Wednesday he arrived at the Lime Grove TV studios at 10.15 a.m. He stayed until 12.45 when he returned to the Palace for lunch, and went on to the Royal Tournament with the Queen, Prince Charles, and a school friend. At 6.40 he arrived back at Lime Grove and rehearsed until 12.25.

Speeches... plans...

THE other day he was on duty at Trooping the Colour at 11 a.m., went to a cocktail party at the Irish Guards, and presided at a dinner at the Dorchester in the evening.

And fitted in between are other jobs enough in themselves to keep most people busy, seeing people (from his charities to his tailor), preparing his speeches, rehearsing them, going through his correspondence, planning further programmes, planning his exhibition, having his portrait painted, making a model aircraft, and playing with his children.

Of course, like any man who enjoys travel, he gets the slur thrown that he is away because he does not want to be at home.

The Queen and Philip had a dose of that when he stayed on board the Britannia before the

Portugal visit, instead of flying to see if it was a controlled home.

But just at the moment when he thought he was managing very well, he is getting the best of the world's having his cake and eating it. He has all the pleasures of a wealthy man — a yacht, a string of polo ponies, a fast car, an airplane, an island, and how he polished his wardrobe of clothes from the rehearsal for his TV the best British tailors, and there's nothing they like to make him than a little blood.

At first it is such a welcome sign to see a Royal behaving without ceremony or starch. To him make a remark worth hearing. To note his taking a direct interest in Playing Fields and Premiers and Foreign. To see that he treats other people as human beings and makes it clear he's a human being himself.

A dream in uniform
HE can, too, count on the of adulation, respect, and falling good Press which film star or President could mand; and for two reasons

First, he is perceived exactly what the British people like, a man with a foreign blood in him to a him feel more British than British, fond of sport, a in uniform, with a m which is a blend of the most respected of our institutions, the Navy and the Police, the clipped speech a sailor combined with the moderate manner of a monarch.

And secondly he is part of the Royal Family and, above reproach anyway, life into a golden image, and

Just now he's using his assets to loosen the tight-lacing round the family.

Wherever he goes, in schools, in factories, he is a trail of anecdotes revealing Royalty is human, has sense of humour, can think and even swear.

It is reported with astonishment that he at Charterhouse boy whose story experiment went with a bang to do it — "Give it a break, old man. You're wearing everyone out."

So, may I in the words that the Non-Stop Duke himself used when he remonstrated with a band leader for playing tunes continuously and making the guests dance without stopping... may I just whisper respectfully —

"Give it a break, old man. You're wearing everyone out."

POOR DELUDED

MR. WILDING

WHAT sad little sophistication these film stars can be.

Picture that week-end in the South of France with two of her husbands (present and ex-) Miss Elizabeth Taylor sums up for me the essence of every silly, pretty woman, trying to be worldly wise.

★ ★ ★
I WONDER why it is considered so smart to say you are "still very good friends" with your ex-husband?

I JUST showing off? It is just showing off?

AND DOES husband No. 2 really enjoy being around with husband No. 3, especially when the woman concerned is having another baby?

In this dreary little triangle why in the name of common sense does either man put up with such a silly situation?

Of course any marital mix-up is better settled without bitterness.

And the real father of Miss Taylor's two sons should be allowed to see them as often as he likes.

But this visit, mark you, was only 24 hours long. Too short to renew a friendship with children, but long enough to make everyone look a fool.

★ ★ ★
Poor deluded Mike Wilding. From start to finish he has given Miss Taylor her way.

He gave in and went to Hollywood. He gave in and allowed her to divorce him, he gave in and left the children with her.

But if he gives in to her ideas much longer, no one, not even his children, will allow him a good mark for it.

And if the latest idea of issuing a week-end invitation to the South of France was not intended to humiliate Michael Wilding but merely to show the world what a civilized play-wisely affair a modern divorce can be—well, I suppose the villa down there has plenty of room.

Why not make up a four-some next week-end and ask them other "ex" partners—Conrad Hilton and Joan Blondell — along for some sophisticated tennis or bridge?

Anne Edwards

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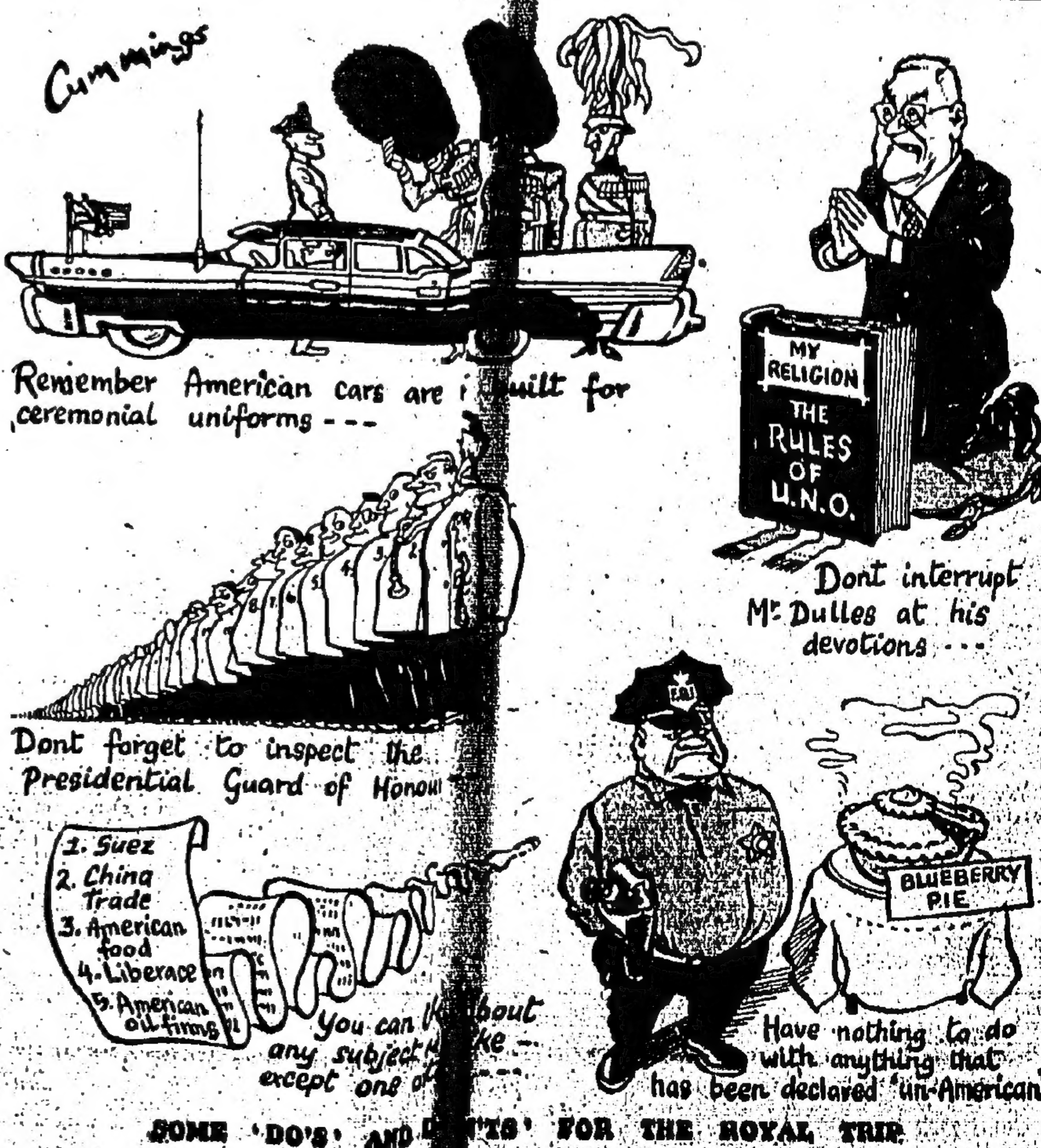
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THE ART MAKING MONEY

3

The success story that started on a football field

IT all started with the Christ Church, Gipsy Hill, football club. Jack Bowthorpe was skipper and inside-left. Ray Parsons was club secretary and outside-left. There was Norman Dymock in goal, Johnny Dymock as left-half, Sid Downer half and Harold Whyte outside-right.

And Jack's sisters Helen, Peggy and Joan were the regular supporters on Saturday afternoons.

Tonight down at Brighton there is to be a party to celebrate the success. They have all had as part of another "side" in the last 21 years.

Jack Bowthorpe is still "skipper"—except that he is called chairman and managing-director now.

And the "team" he leads is an electrical engineering firm he started in 1936 and in which his closest friends of the old football days have jobs.

The firm has just reported a profit of £500,000 for last year. In the Stock Exchange its shares are valued at more than £2,000,000.

FIRST RULE

Over the coffee in the elegant drawing-room of his Sussex home I asked Bowthorpe what he thought was his secret of success.

He is a genial and handsome man, with a neat moustache and greying hair. He has a 22-year-old son, Peter, and a daughter, Sonia, who is one of this season's debutantes.

With a smile he said: "I am often told I am a belly-acher. But I think that has been a big help."

I looked surprised. Bowthorpe put down his coffee cup to explain what was really his first rule for success.

"When you are starting out on your own you must be a perfectionist. If you don't get the results you want, don't hesitate to say so."

"And pick chaps to help you who have the same ideas as yourself. 'Otherwise there will be no success'—and every man must pull his weight. That's asking for trouble. Get your business big plunge when he was £10-a-week salesman of 30 years."



THIRD SERIES OF ARTICLES
ABOUT JEN WHO TURNED SMALL
OPPOSITES INTO BIG FORTUNES

ALEXANDER
HOMER

He borrowed £2,000, and hired a basement off Southampton Row.

He bought fittings for overhead electrical transmission lines direct from the manufacturers, and sold them to electricity companies.

BIG MISTAKE

Raymond Parsons, one of the Gipsy Hill boys, came in to help.

In a small notebook, he kept the accounts. Total turnover in the first year was £5,000.

Thinking back to the old basement, with its peeling ceiling and damp walls, Bowthorpe said:

"So many young fellows take a suite of offices, carpet the floors and then say 'Now we're ready for business'—and ever after that they are going to do it."

Except that on Mondays, instead of having meetings to discuss mistakes in the previous Saturday's game, they talked about the following week's sales.

And it worked like a charm. They prospered.

From selling electrical bits and pieces, they also turned to making them, starting with a tiny factory on Finsbury Way rented at 30s a week.

Today it is "skipper" Bowthorpe's boast that every TV set and airplane built in Britain has some electrical parts produced by his firm.

STILL A TEAM

It has a pay-roll of 1,000 now, but the old "team" spirit has been retained.

Each year, the previous year's sales are split into 52 equal parts. To go one better they become the weekly target of the various managers. And there is profit-sharing for all.

"If we get behind, it is astonishing the effort everybody makes to catch up again," Jack Bowthorpe says.

Today, of course, he is a rich man.

His country home set just now in a blaze of rhododendrons, his swimming-pool, and a Rolls-Royce all reflect his success.

Two years ago he sold the public a block of shares in his firm for £230,000. They have since nearly doubled in price.

He and his family still hold shares worth £400,000 at today's Stock Exchange quotation.



Jack Bowthorpe—the country home, the rhododendrons, the swimming-pool and the Rolls-Bentley reflect the Art of Making Money

what you would like them to have.

"There must not be any false sense of pride. Everyone must be ready to help in everything. And think of the job all the time—even when mowing the lawn at home."

They ran the firm in those early days just as they had previously run the Christ Church Football Club.

Except that on Mondays, instead of having meetings to discuss mistakes in the previous Saturday's game, they talked about the following week's sales.

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MORE TO COME

For Jack Bowthorpe, the former inside-left of Gipsy Hill, does not believe he has scored his last "goal" yet.

Not by a long way. ENDPIECE. Raymond Parsons, Norman Keen and Harold Whyte have become directors of the firm. Dymock is cashier and Downer a buyer. Peggy is her brother Jack's private secretary. Joan looks after welfare. And Helen Bowthorpe? She is Mrs Raymond Parsons now.

NEXT WEEK The millionaire who says "It's as easy today as ever it was." London Express Service.

"Ah, Siu Bao Bao!"

When you say this to your child—and you do it so very often—as an expression of love and affection, do you realise that it concerns not only your heart but your eyes as well? Unless you can see with your own eyes, the expression of parental love is without its full meaning.

While every mother looks after the welfare of her child, she must not neglect her own welfare, especially the care of her eye sight. Each year she should be able to visit her oculist or any qualified optician at least once so as to make sure that her eyes are in healthy condition. With healthy eyes she can have the joy of watching her child grow year after year.

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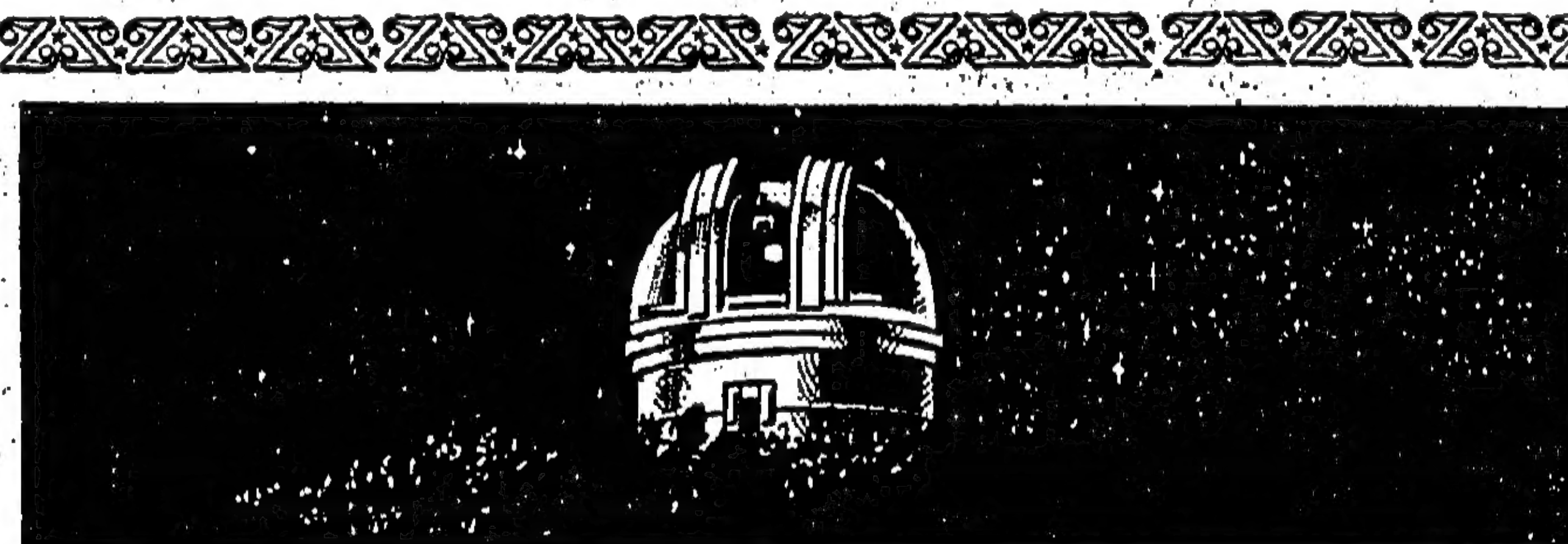


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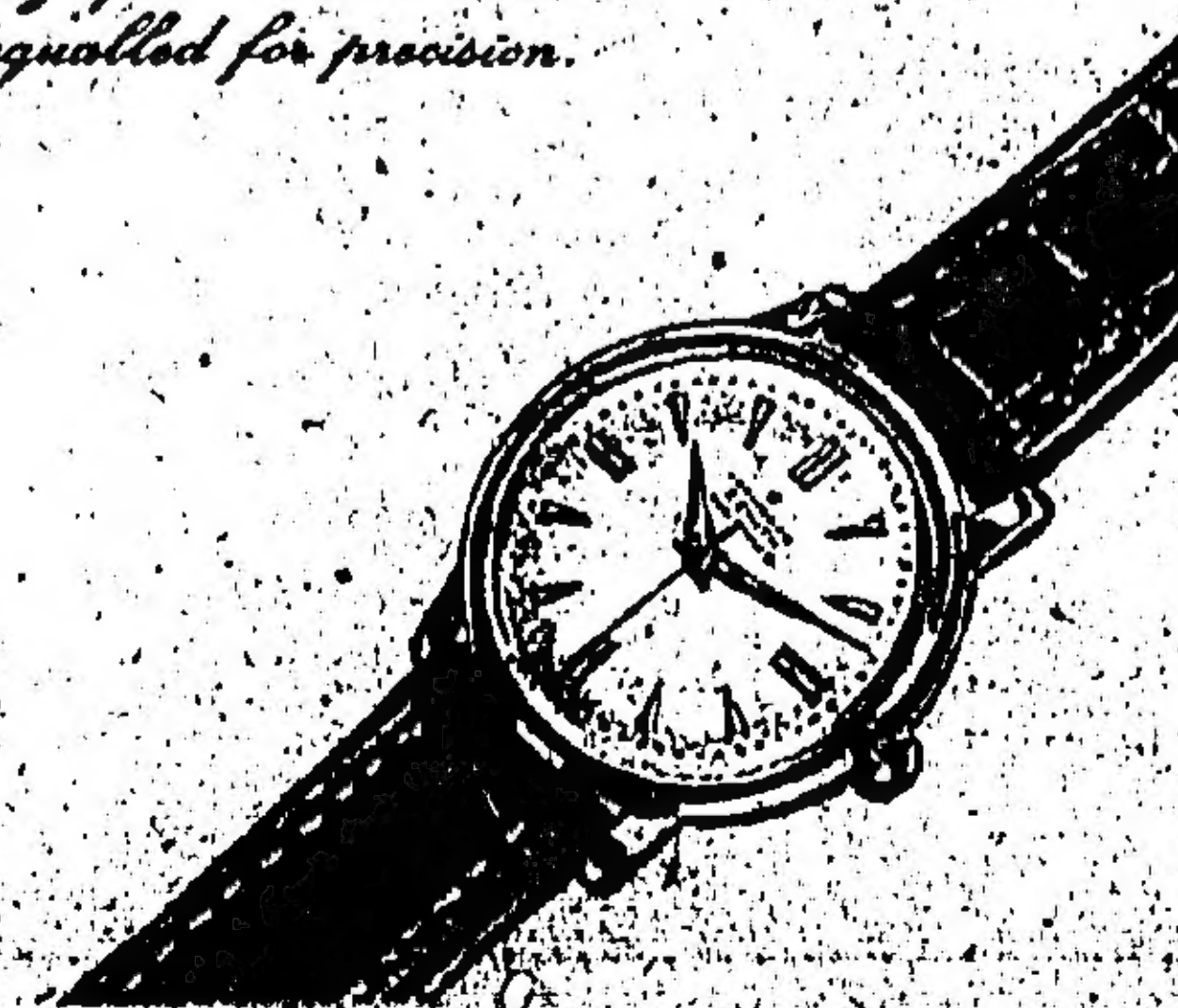
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London Express Service

"HOW?"

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SHOW BUSINESS learns about the importance of being Awful

Mr. DOUGLAS SEEKS A WILD, WILD WOMAN



DEBORAH KERR: "They'll be disappointed..."

"I AM looking," observed Kirk Douglas, "for a wild Viking woman. Whom do you suggest?"

I told Mr Douglas that wild Viking women had been missing from the London scene for some years. But I knew an angry Norwegian waitress in Westminster.

"No," said Mr Douglas, guardedly. "I hardly think she'd do." He looked harassed. "Imagine—here we are off to Norway to film The Vikings, in which I've sunk all my money, and no wild Viking woman."

He ran a hand through his hair, dejectedly. "It sounds a big project?" I said.

by
RODERICK
MANN

"Tremendous," said Douglas. "You know—we've got a small army up there, and a fleet of ships. We could probably attack one of the smaller countries with some success."

"Do you get paid a lot in your pictures?" I asked. "None of your business," said Douglas pleasantly. "But I'll tell you this: now I'm producing my own pictures I can rarely afford to hire myself. Apart from that, as a producer I can't stand myself as an actor."

Three years ago French-born Anne Baynes married him in Las Vegas, promising to take him as her "awful wedding husband."

Since that time Douglas has capitalised on his awfulness.

"I'm always taking a beating in my films," he groaned. "In *Last Year's Love*, I cut my ear off—now there's a part you can't play more than once—and in *The Vikings* I got an eye poked out. That should be awful enough for anybody."

I left him still looking for his wild Viking woman. When last seen he was heading in the direction of the nearest employment exchange.

Old Faithful

IMMEDIATELY following the Trooping the Colour ("Why didn't they give the Dook a real steed—stead of that hung-head critter?") William Boyd invited me round to his hotel.

Even people not equipped with phone-tapping outfits must know that Mr Boyd is the actor who immortalised Hopalong Cassidy.

Wearing a dark-blue business suit and a head of snow-white hair ("I got that at an early age sitting in damp churches"), he relaxed in a chair and told me:

"Ten years ago I was on my knees with 20 cents in my pocket. That was after buying up all my old Hoppy films. Then I released them on TV and became a millionaire."

I asked Mr Boyd what he thought of other "TV cowboy heroes." Matt Dillon, Wyatt Earp and Co.

FOOTNOTE: In case Dr De Witt Sumner should decide to apply—I should point out that the wild Viking woman must be Norwegian by birth... not by adoption.

"Not much," confessed the year-old Boyd. "They're all too handy with their armory. The kids liked me 'cos I wasn't too rough, and always ended up with the horse instead of the girl."

Intriguing

THE item that really intrigued me in the biography of Ernest Borgnine—when he met his wife, Rhonda, she was working in a pharmacy.

Don't Be Misled (1) That much-discussed at the film—which is to be privately shown in London next week.

Tea and Sympathy which you this—between Mr Belafonte and Miss Fontaine.

She is, I need hardly tell you, an actress of sensitivity of fuss about nothing. The quality almost as rare in her interest is only implied. We wood as the Great Irish Elk together and her lips are

What did she think of it? The play which is adapted from the Lord Chamberlain's production of the play, which is to be shown in London next week.

Miss Kerr, without doubt, the most sought-after actress bought it.

IN SHORT

ANTHONY PERKINS—brilliant young actor of *Strangers With Candy* and *Fear Strikes Out* and the white hope of Hollywood newcomers—is well known for his father unconventional attitude.

So much so that when invited to a party the other night his girl friend warned him: "It's formal, darling—wear socks."

BALD-HEADED Otto Preminger—who produced *St. Joan*—explaining to a friend why he gave up his acting career.

"I abandoned acting because there just isn't room for two Yul Brynners."

DEBRA PAGET—the youthful and zesty starlet—owns the flashiest car in Hollywood, a puce-coloured Cadillac studded with coloured rhinestones.

The other day she returned to the car park to find that souvenir hunters had prised off £150 worth of the stones. "What can I do?" she moaned. "What can I do?"

Having seen the car I can tell her:—

(1) Leave it at home.

(2) Sell it.

ACTRESS Diana Barrymore—who couldn't get a job anywhere on the stage a year ago—is snowed under with offers since the publication of her notorious autobiography, *Too Much, Too Soon*.

The lesson for unsuccessful British actresses is obvious. Write a book. But first learn to drink.

I HAVE glad news for all admirers of Judy Garland. Negotiations are in progress to bring her to London in September—to sing at the Dominion, Tottenham Court Road.

The glamorous Miss Kerr is determined to be ugly

HAVING spent years in Hollywood trying to prove that she had a figure—and having succeeded in doing so—Deborah Kerr is now trying to do the very opposite. She has accepted a role that might finish the career of a lesser actress. She is going to play the plain, gawky, flat-chested, sex-starved spinster in the film of Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables*.

In the theatre this role was played by Margaret Leighton; but she also played the glamorous model in the resort of the two stories which made up the evening's programme. This, so to speak, balanced things out.

THE CONTRAST

In the film version, the two stories run parallel and the glamour girl will be played by Rita Hayworth. So Miss Kerr runs the obvious risk of displaying herself throughout the picture film in the most unattractive light while Miss Hayworth will be dolled up to kill.

It is not the kind of situation many actresses would tolerate. But Miss Kerr is looking forward to it.

She told me: "I am terribly keen to play this part. I want to look money and plain. It will give me a chance to do some character acting which is what I really love doing. When you are continually having to sell the same personality on the screen, and that can get to be boring. Now I shall be able to do some acting and that outweighs all the disadvantages of looking unattractive."

NO CONCESSIONS

I suggested that, as sometimes happens in films, there might be a final scene showing the plain girl blossoming out into a beauty with the awakening of love.

Miss Kerr was horrified at the suggestion. "If they wanted me

to become beautiful in the film, I wouldn't do it. That would ruin the story. I'm determined to be as ugly as sin."

"In that case," I said, "they will have to use almost as much make-up on you as they did on Frankenstein."

WHO WILL SUFFER?

"No," she said, "all they will need to do is leave off the make-up."

This, of course, is quite untrue. Unless the make-up department do a very thorough job of deglamorising Miss Kerr, there is a considerable danger of her being outshone by Miss Hayworth.

So perhaps it is really Rita who is running the bigger risk.

STRANGE MESSAGE

THE tie-lac men of show-business have been sending out a strange message these last few days. It has been received and deciphered by numerous people in Wardour Street, and it reached me late this week. It was to the effect that Miss Kerr was giving up acting to become a Trappist monk.

I first heard this story from a producer who had been thinking of asking Mr Guinness to play a part in his new film, but was not going to do so now, because that Mr Guinness's departure for a monastery was imminent.

Though Mr Guinness is always unpredictable—and despite the fact that he has sometimes been reviled about his film roles—I thought that becoming a monk was a somewhat drastic course of action. Even for him.

So I tickled him on this subject over lunch. He had also heard the story.

"I can assure you," he said, "that the one thing I have intention of doing is to become a Trappist monk. I don't think the wife would like the idea, have never really entertained this particular ambition. I am quite clear to film producer. I am still available as an actor and I do not intend to take up residence in a monastery. Trappist or otherwise."

Mr Guinness has an excellent sense of how his extraordinary story about him got around. He has recently been having

LIMELIGHT by Thomas Wiseman



ALEC GUINNESS

"I'm not taking up residence in a monastery."

He said: "I have already received a letter offering me full co-operation from a body known as the National Selected Morticians Inc."

make a film of *The Loved One*—which is all about a Hollywood cemetery.

He said: "I have already received a letter offering me full co-operation from a body known as the National Selected Morticians Inc."

SECOND BID

THAT brilliant stage actor Paul Scofield is making a second attempt at a film career. He has been cast opposite Virginia McKenna. In another of those stories about British heroism called *Carve Her Name With Pride*.

Mr Scofield's first assault on the film studios was when he appeared in *That Lady* wearing a grey beard and a whole range of wrinkles.

"Ever since then," said Mr Scofield, "I have been asked to play gentlemen of between 60 and 90 with grey boards and wrinkles. Now I am going to play myself—the way I actually look. I don't think I have all that many wrinkles. And I as-

By Frank Robbins



...this situation calls for a
San Miguel

TRAVEL TROUBLE No 3

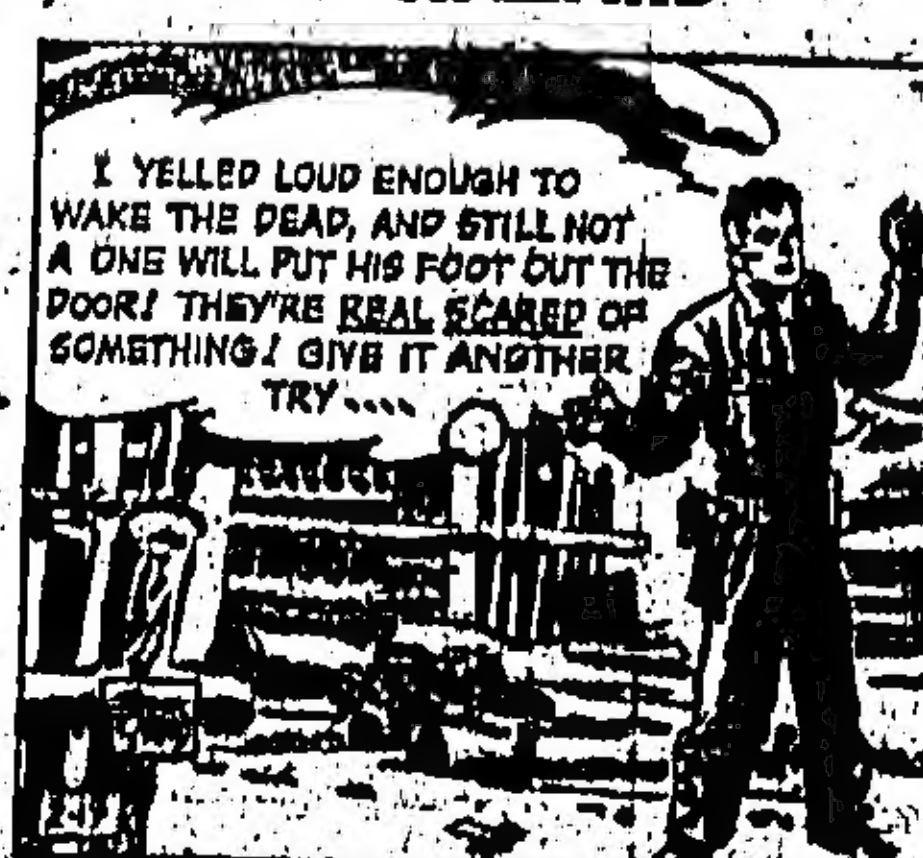


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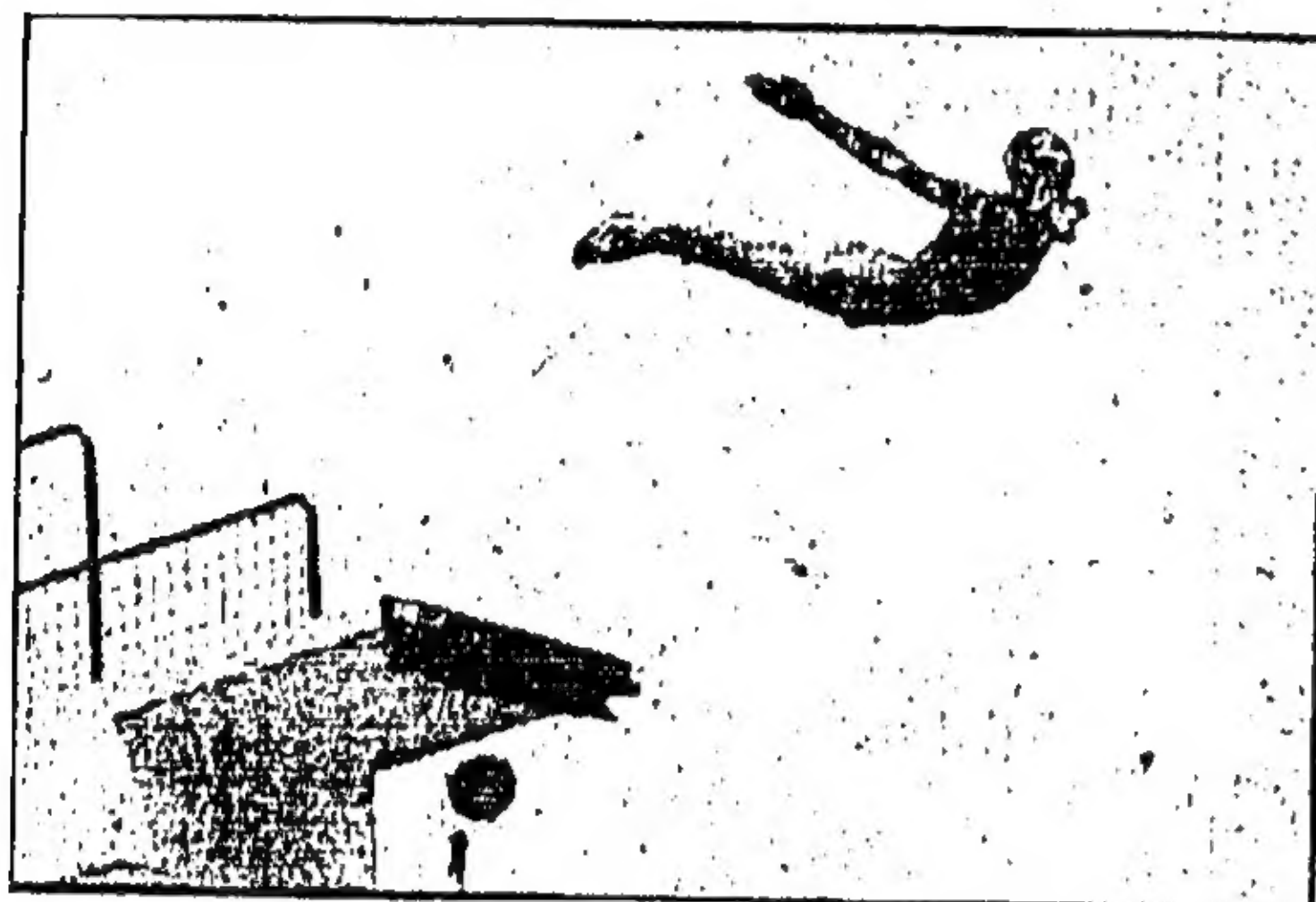


By Marie Fontaine

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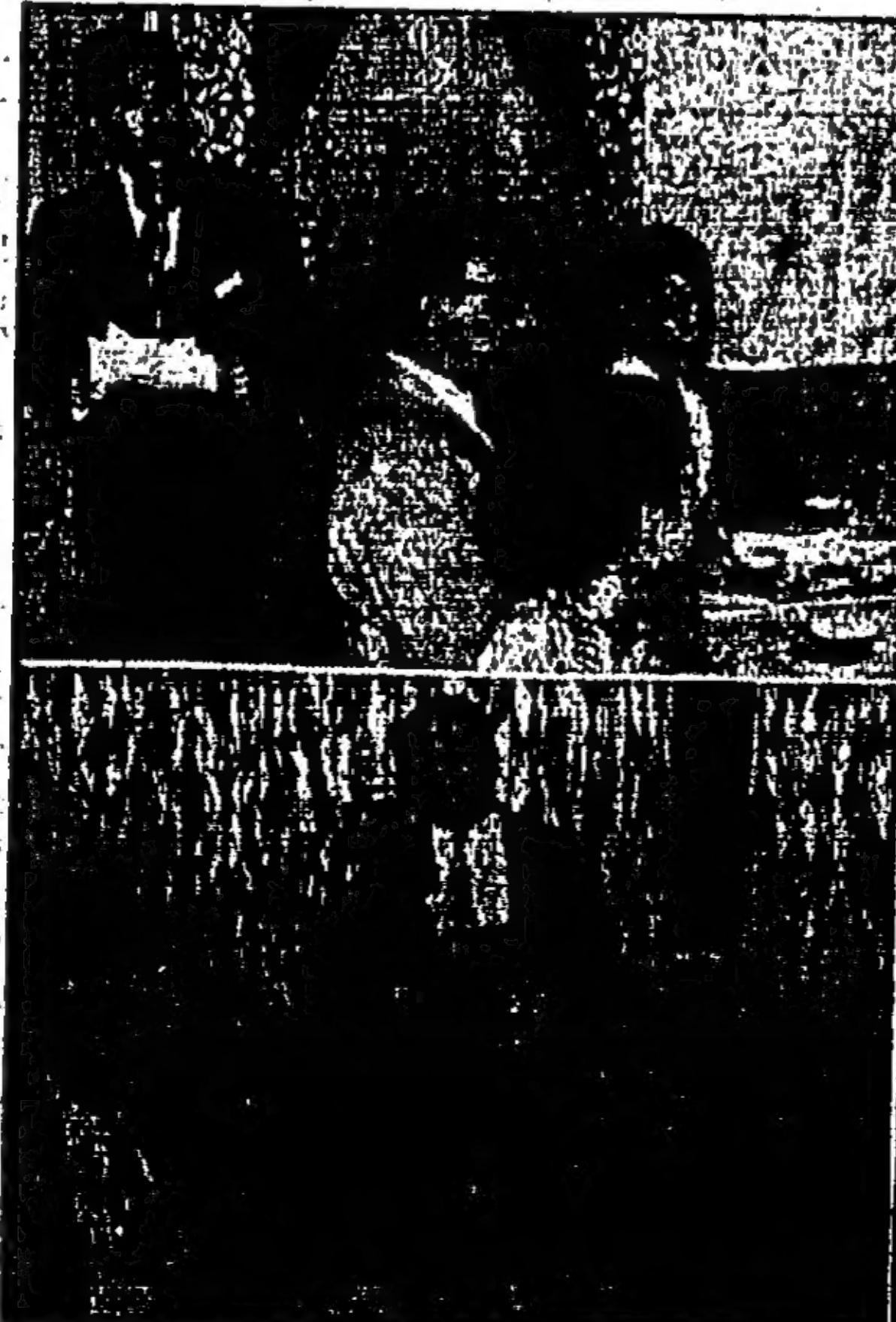
BOAC's turbo-prop "Whispering Giant"—and she really is silent—here on a proving flight before opening a London-Tokyo service in mid-July. One afternoon she took 120 people up 20,000 ft. just to see what it was like in the blue sky above the clouds. In charge (as far as passengers were concerned) were Hong-kong's own air hostesses—Ruby Huang and Lily Ning. (Staff Photographers)



Topside and Bottomside RASC Swimming Gala. LEFT: Farewell at the dockside, when the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars left for home. (Staff Photographers)



117 families must move from little houses to make room for big ones—HK's "biggest yet" resettlement plan. HONGKONG HONOURS (below) Wilson Wang at Tung W. Hospitals banquet for the Yeeas; Right—Rome bound pianist Fr. King gets a word from Count Figarola di Gropello; Bottom left—YMCA's Lam Chik-suen praises members mentioned in the Birthday Honours; Right—CID's N. B. Fraser commands police football.



A Professor's pride—Mr J. C. McDouall, Secretary for Chinese Affairs expressed the deep gratitude of the Government to Professor Fred Drake for his work and advice on the 2,000-year-old Li Cheng Uk tomb, discovered during resettlement excavations in August 1955, now opened as a public park, museum, and garden. (Staff Photographers)

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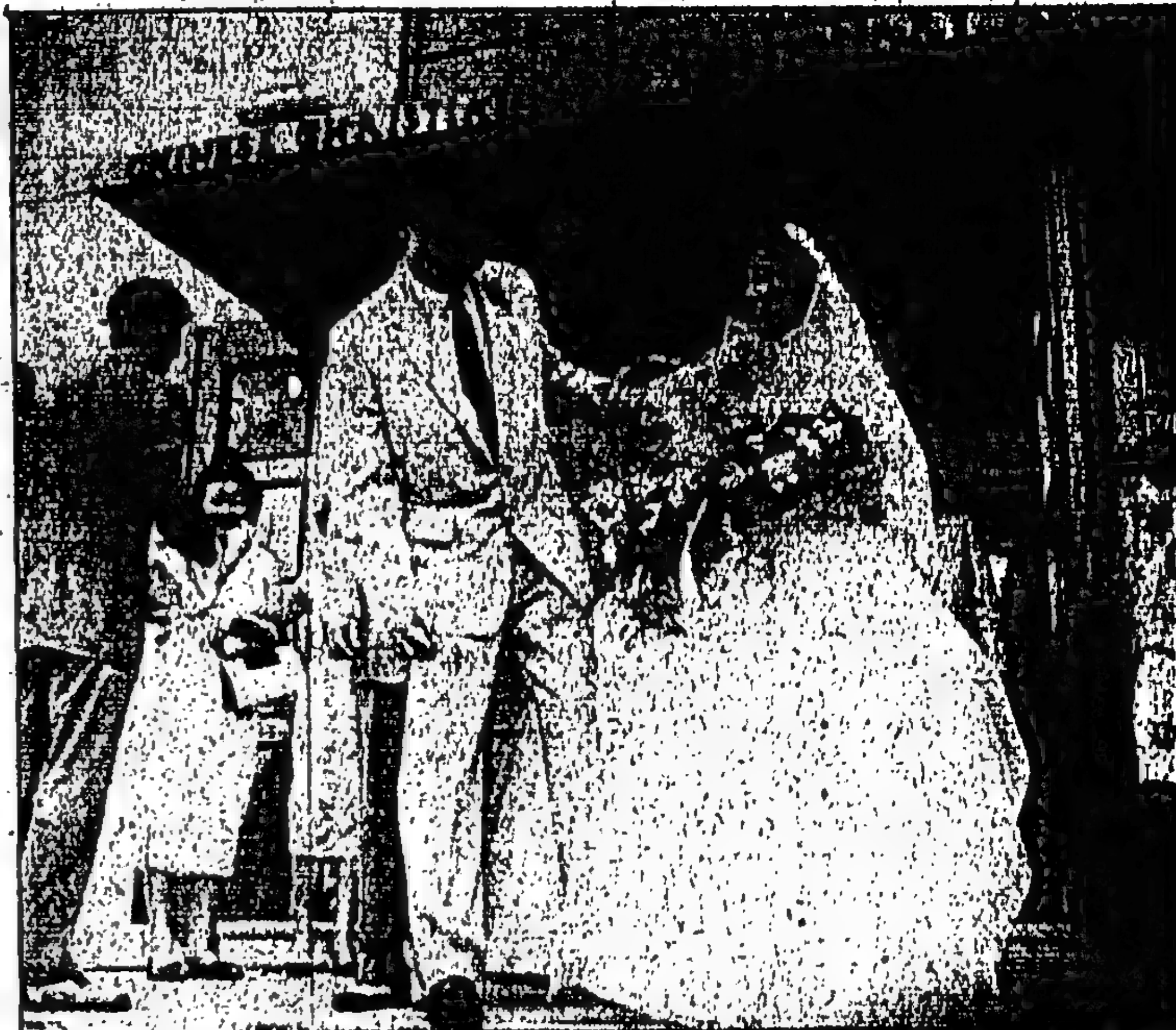
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Guests ranged from Primary One to Professors at Confucius Hall, Caroline Hill, when one of Hongkong's leading scholars Mr. Lo Sheung-fu, celebrated his 90th birthday. Guests bowed once to him, and three times to the picture of Confucius behind. BELOW: Among those present were leading members of Confucian organisations in Hongkong. Mr. Lo is fifth from right front row. (Staff Photographers)



Casual shot after the wedding of Bertha Lam and Resettlement Officer, Leung Hay-men. They were married by the Rev. John Bechtel in Kowloon Tong. (Staff Photographer)



BIRTHDAY CANDLES

Brian Cotton (above) blew out seven. Alan McCann (below) blew out five.



LEFT: Thai National Day Reception at the Regent Bay Hotel, Lady Grantham and Mrs Chaloom-aram. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Married, but same name—Halena Wong became Mrs Peter Wong at St John's Cathedral. (Mrs. Yuan Studio)



LEFT: Dr Vicente N. Atienza (President), Mr Frank Leyshon, and the Philippine Consul Mr Eduardo L. Rosal (Patron) at the first monthly luncheon of the new Hongkong Philippines Society. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Hongkong Architects during the week fated a new Director of Public Works—Mr A. Inglis, and a visiting President of the American Institute of Architects—Mr Loon Chatelein.



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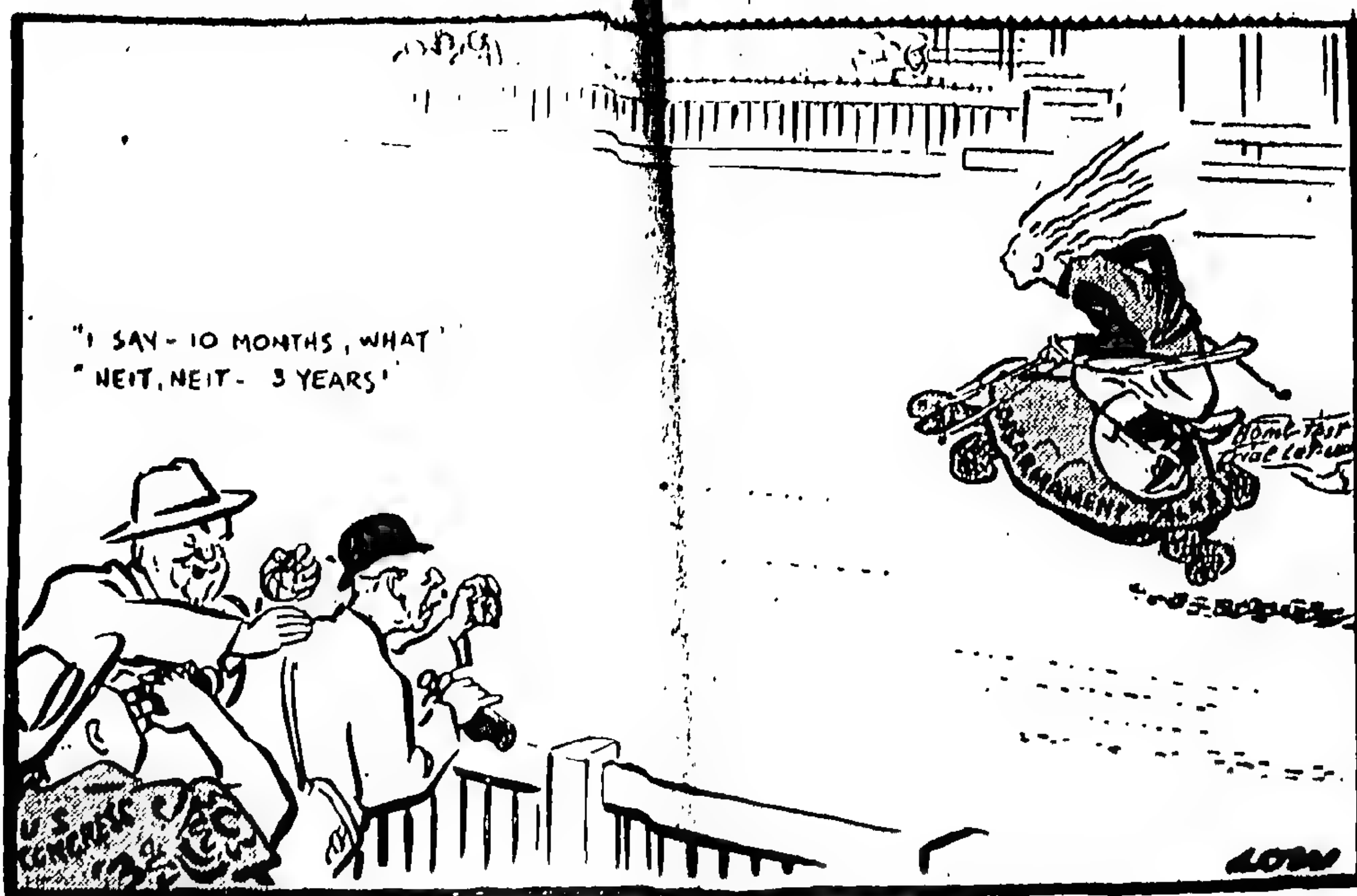
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TIMING THE FAVOURITE

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As a nation we live on the edge of financial disaster. A great Empire statesman has sounded the warning. But there is a way to banish the spectre of bankruptcy for ever...

HOW TO SAVE BRITAIN

HOW to save Britain? "What a question!" said my friend. "Things were never so good."

Are they? Not according to a man whose opinions merit the deepest respect—Lord Bruce of Melbourne.

Lord Bruce was Prime Minister of Australia for six years. Now he lives in Great Britain.

Since 1947 he has been chairman of the Finance Corporation for Industry, which has raised vast sums to help firms that would otherwise be denied the money they need for expansion.

He has uncovered a statistic that should act as a sharp corrective to the present mood of thoughtless optimism. Here it is:

£3,500,000,000

That figure is the difference between what Britain has paid out in ten years and what we have received from exports and investment income.

IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY, COLOSSAL.

It represents the degree to which our country has been living in the red—and the degree to which the present position is a disaster.

POCKET CARTOON

By OSBERT LANCASTER



"Don't tell me if it involves a breach of security, but just which continent had you in mind?"

by
ROBERT EDWARDS

True guide

NOW here is a second fact which gives a true guide to Britain's present position.

The gold and dollar reserves are lower today than they were in 1951, when the Tory Party came to power. For six years we have toiled and, at the end of it, there is less in the bank than ever.

Anything else? Look at this:

In 1951 Britain's share of the world export market in manufactured goods was 22 per cent. Now it has slumped to 10 per cent. In the same period Germany's share has gone up from 10 per cent to 16 per cent.

It is grave

COMBINE all these alarming figures with the loss of revenue from Burma, Malaya, and the West Coast of Africa as the process of breaking up the Colonial Empire continues. Add the Government's foolish neglect of the sheltered Imperial markets in favour of European free trade area. And you have a situation of immense gravity.



The shortage

MR WILLIAM S. PALEY, head of an official commission, has reported to the American Government a critical shortage of several raw materials. That shortage grows more severe every hour with the fantastic rise in American production.

The relationship between this crisis and Britain's is simple. It can be expressed in six words.

THEY want them.

WE have them.

America is short of copper, iron ore, cobalt, tin, iron and cuprous pyrites, asphalt and bauxite. These materials are

ARGUMENT H

THIS drama which surrounded the opening of the London talks on disarmament has largely evaporated as the spectators have tired of the diplomatic fencing match in which the combatants appear to run very rapidly away from one another at the slightest hint of a conclusion.

Mr Macmillan's note to Marshal Bulganin proved him a highly skilled fencer, at least when the enemy is a long way away, but it seemed to create more irritation than admiration among the public.

The British public has been deeply moved by the hydrogen bomb controversy and, although very few people have changed their minds about it one way or another, everyone seems to agree that there is very great urgency about the disarmament problem. The debate on the effects of the bomb have emphasized that it would take only a handful of bombs to destroy the country and it is by no means certain that it is possible to prevent the arrival of that number of bombs, however good our defences might be.

State Aid

One powerful evidence of this was the surprising demand last week for a Royal Commission to look into the possibility of organised passive resistance.

It came not from the usual purveyors of such views, but from Commander Sir Stephen King-Hall, one-time boss of naval intelligence, ex-Conservative M.P., and founder-Chairman of the Hansard Society.

Sir Stephen is not a man easily attracted to strange causes.

But he appears to believe very strongly that conventional means of defending Britain have either become, or are in danger of becoming, worse than useless and that the only hope for us is to evolve a system which would make it useless for an enemy to invade us. He is not sure just how this is to be achieved nor even prepared to swear that it could be achieved.

But he and his supporters are sure that the matter needs looking into.

The annual report of the National Assistance Board never

makes any headlines. But it is a good indicator of the direction in which the winds of political debate are likely to blow.

The mere fact that this year's report shows that the number of weekly allowances granted by the Board increased by 44,000 and that two and a quarter million people received payments during the year is enough to start a debate.

Why should one person in 25 in a prosperous country require state aid to provide him with the bare means of sustaining life? (That, by the way, is all the Board is allowed to advance money for. It is not in the business of dispensing luxuries.)

And why should the problem be getting worse instead of better?

In part, the answer is simple enough.

Just over a million of the recipients, or two in every five, are old aged pensioners. Their pensions only slightly improved since the present system was introduced just after the war, have by no means kept up with prices.

The National Assistance Board makes up the gap.

Most of the rest are persons receiving unemployment insurance, sickness insurance, or the grants which are paid to widows and unmarried mothers. The state insurance scheme is just no longer adequate to meet the needs of people who have no other money.

So, in each case, the National Assistance Board fills the need.

The political debate, therefore, is going to be over the question of what it is that national insurance schemes are intended to do. Are they just intended to supplement the individual's private means or are they intended to maintain him completely in time of trouble?

The Socialists hold the second view. The Tories are not unanimous.

But neither is likely to want to raise national insurance payments if that means raising individual contributions by any substantial amount. They have recently gone up a little and the public outcry has been tremendous.

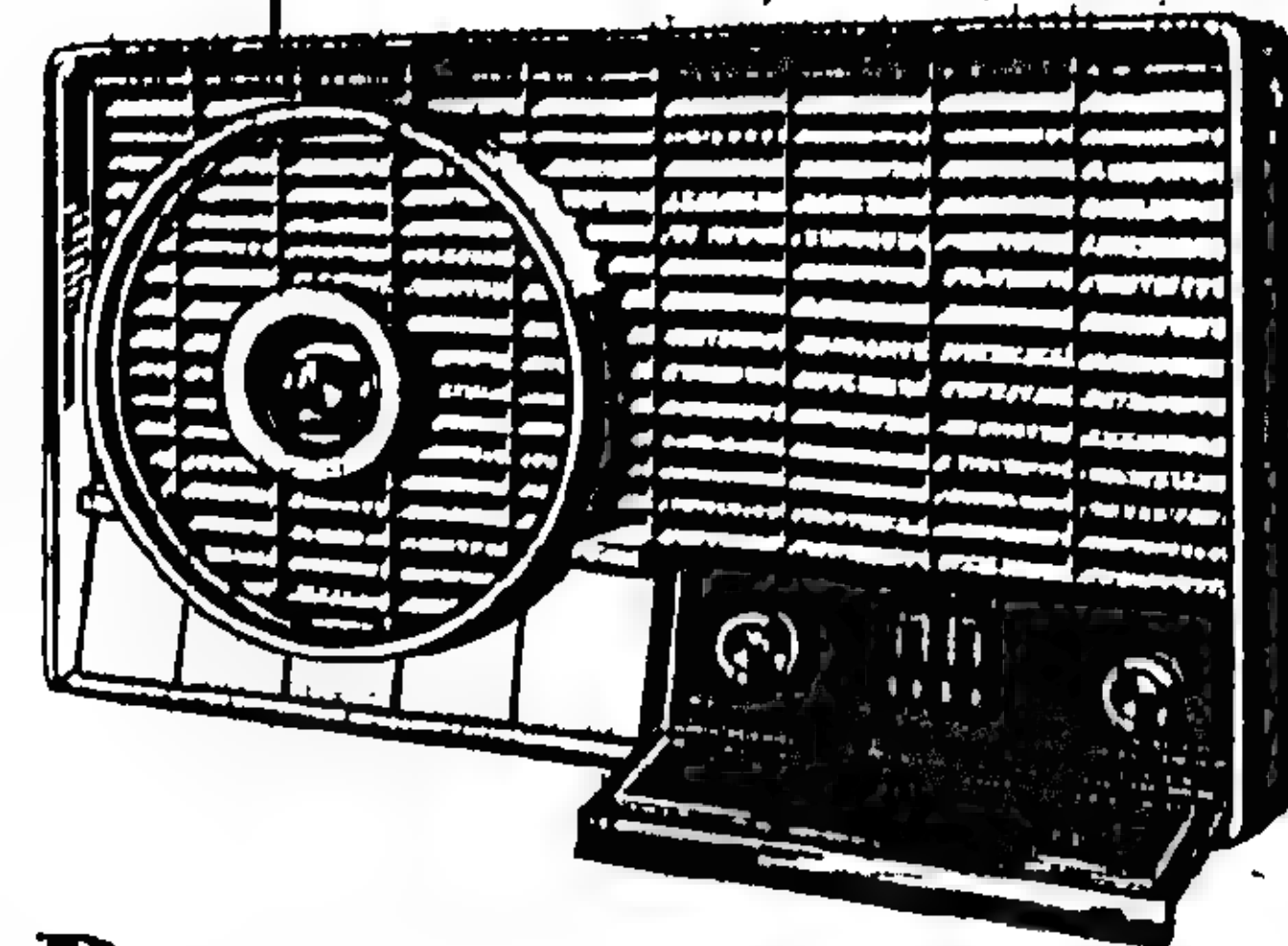
So it looks as though we shall go on muddling through — with the help of the National Assistance Board.

Unfortunately, the Board is not empowered to give assistance to troubled politicians.

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RECORD ROUND BY RAMSDEN GREIG

Mixing Pops and Puccini

HEREWITH a memo to Benjamin Gli: squeals, screeches, oohs and ahs and little whimpering noises accompanied a rendering in the Royal Theatre, Newcastle, of Your Tiny Hand Is Frozen from Puccini's La Boheme.

That is what happens when a "pop" singer decides to get rid of inhibitions and slips a slice of opera into the act.

You will be further astounded, Benjamin, to learn that this new operatic oratorio cannot read a note of music, and he swears by Puccini that jumping opera with pops is no gimmick.

"It is in me and it has got to come out," the singer says.

The man in question is a large, handsome blonde called David Whitfield. Four years ago he was heaving cement slabs on to lorries in his native Hull for £7 a week. Before that he was an able-bodied seaman in the Royal Navy, and he still walks about a stage as if he were negotiating the mess deck in an Atlantic swell.

Fan damage

Since he became a big name in show business he has been back to sea. This was when he sailed to America to appear on TV.

He travelled first class on this occasion and when he got there was paid £3,000 for two six-minute appearances.

After his show in Newcastle the other night, ardent fans scratched their names and telephone numbers on his big shiny limousine with nail files. He did not telephone any of the numbers, but he did tell me that his income-tax man gave him an allowance for fan damage.

This allowance also covers ripped suits, shirts ruined by lip-stick smudges and a shoe he once lost to one of his more demonstrative devotees. He says he loves his fans, and, indeed, he would not be the shrewd fellow he is if he let them anger him.

He gets close on £700 a week when he sings to them in the theatre. And they buy his gramophone records by the million—literally.

I do not know where you are living at the moment, Benjamin, but this fellow's earnings permit him the luxury of a five-bedroom house outside Hull. He is almost apologetic when he says: "It's in a road—but it's set well back."

Your rival first came into show business in 1953. There is more to his story than the usual fable of success in show business.

Large cut

Whitfield became a big business proposition the night a Mayfair publicist found him singing (for £10 a week) in a London club.

The publicist recalls: "The good looks were there. And the voice, too. All the boy was short of was someone to groom him and present him."

For an agreed large cut of the large income he knew Whitfield was capable of earning under his guidance, the publicist man took on the task of grooming the singer. In one day Whitfield found he had acquired an education teacher to knock the edge off his Hull accent, a dentist to straighten and polish his teeth, two drape suits, a Mayfair hair trim and a manicure.

"By the time this fellow was satisfied, with me the bill had come to a couple of hundred pounds," Whitfield recalls.

An introduction to a record company executive was thrown in gratis. Within weeks Whitfield was on wax singing I Believe. Within months he was topping Music Hall bills at £350 a week—which is a lot of manicures.

Mr Whitfield's latest record, Benjamin, is called Without

Him, and like so many of his others, has a slight—and to my mind offensive—religious theme. He is now preparing to make a long player. And I am waiting for him to put a bit of La Boheme on record.

I'll send you a copy, Benjamin.

Blow the Wind Southerly, that Kathleen Ferrier classic, is now tackled harmoniously by the Beverley Sisters (Decca 78).

The 219 Skiffle Group is neck-deep in the blues on Freight Train Blues (Esquire 78).

The groove in which Woody Herman and the Swinging Herd are in Blues Groove (Capitol 33) is shallow. Nine good tracks include Pinetop's Blues, Every Day I've Got the Blues, and Basin Street Blues.

Alma Cogan, the singer with that quaint catch in her voice that is akin to a hiccup, has a gay rendering of the calypso-style Funny, Funny, Funny (HMV 78).

(London Express Service).

CLASSICAL

By DAVID BLACK

KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD is 61 and has been retired for four years, but luckily for her admirers her output of "farewell performances" and records shows no signs of ending. Her latest record is a recital of Bach and Handel arias, including such favourites as "Sheep may safely graze," "Jesu Joy of man's desiring" and "Know that my Redeemer liveth." This is a superb disc. (Decca).

HMV continue to release outstanding records of the past. The Rachmaninov piano concerto No. 3 is played by no less a performer than Rachmaninov himself. What an extraordinary pianist he was. A lack of balance in the recording can easily be forgiven.

After a London season of a German version of John Gay's Beggar's Opera, the work reappears in a finely sung English version on two discs. (Argo).

Elgar's centenary is being commemorated by a fine performance of the Enigma Variations. Halle Orchestra, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli. (Pye).

FICTION SHELF by P. OAKES

● **CALLER, MY SON.** By Lucie Daniel, Secker and Warburg, 12s. 6d. — Painful, perceptive novel by a 22-year-old journalist from North Carolina; about the birth pangs of desegregation in the deep South. Chief protagonists are a young Negro campaigning for violent change, and his father, who believes that black and white should stay apart. Written sadly and soberly, with a genuinely tragic climax.

● **DEATH OF A HUNTSMAN.** By H. E. Bates. Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d. — Four short novels dealing variously with the corruption of love by wicked and silly women. The title story features a nice dull business man whose love affair with a young girl is destroyed by her possessive mother. Stories two and three revolve around a murderous wife, and a woman on the loose. And the best of the bunch, The Queen of Spain Frill, centres on a summer drenched by suicide, due to the innocent cruelty of a teenager. Technically superb, splendidly atmospheric, and only now and then, too slick for their own good.

● **THE WIDOW.** By Francis King. Longmans, 12s. — Excellent novel about an ordinary woman, made remarkable by her basic goodness and will to endure. Chief character: Christine Cornwell, struggling to rear her scabious son and a half-orphan daughter in peevy Earl's Court after high life in India. War work complicated by a Fascist neighbour and peach-faced American admirer. Final glimpse sees her out-at-elbow but still caring for others. In his sixth—and best—book, Francis King shows compassion, control and staying power. Recommended with respect.

● **BEAU CLOWN.** By Berthe Grimant. Andre Deutsch, 10s. 6d. — Another child prodigy from France. The first book by 14-year-old Berthe Grimant (she has already written a second), is a perky, amoral adventure of poor children who meet up with madmen and a top-load Negro deserter from the U.S. army. Shaped into narrative form by a literary neighbour, but quite unselfconscious, strangely surrealistic, and fresh as spring water. Chiefly of curiosity value, but rich in other qualities.

● **THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.** By Keith Waterhouse, Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d. — Unsentimental foray into the rough world of a small boy living in a North Country council estate. Told first-hand by an ugly duckling, whose life—within the space of

a few weeks—is touched by love and death. In his first novel, journalist Keith Waterhouse proves himself the best reporter on the wilder shores of childhood since Dylan Thomas.

● **CONIES IN THE HAY.** By Jane Lane, Robert Hale, 10s. 6d. — Dramatic, well-documented novel about the Babington Plot to murder Elizabeth I. Excellent, unvarnished style; sharp characterisation. Elizabeth presented as a riddled tyrant; Francis Walsingham as the arch plotter. A harsh view of history conveyed with conviction.

● **MAMBA.** By Stuart Cloete. Collins, 13s. 6d. — Lust in Congo dust, with a chubby sadist who murders his unfaithful wife and is killed himself by his vengeful lover. Great narrative power, overgrown by creeping verbiage and patches of white man-in-the-tropics philosophy.

● **A QUESTION OF CHARACTER.** By Jean Housman. Hutchinson, 12s. 6d. — Sleepless Frenchman's body been disposed of schoolmaster thinks he has spotted the killer of local citizen. Suspects muscular pupil and shoots him in self-defence. Action proceeds from the police cell. High-tension writing and psychological detection. Don't miss this one.

● **AN EASY VICTIM.** Lucien Furago, Cape, 13s. — Political cat-and-mouse in a Kesselian manner, with a Communist recalling his past life in India. War work complicated by a Fascist neighbour and peach-faced American admirer. Final glimpse sees her out-at-elbow but still caring for others. In his sixth—and best—book, Francis King shows compassion, control and staying power. Recommended with respect.

● **THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.** By Jean Housman. Hutchinson, 12s. 6d. — A moving, sometimes maddening, story of family in flight from a war city. Taking temporary refuge in a mountain village, they find isolation gnaws at the heart which united them in danger. An important theme is weighed down by a leaning love-allegory, and a rash of literary tropes, but for heart-searching colloquy and a portrait of the artist.

● **VERGE OF GLORY.** By Frederick Whit, W. H. Allen, 12s. — Detailed, and sometimes distorted, novel about the painter, Medigall, with attention to drugs, girls, and familiar Left Bank eccentricities. All very busy in a narrative, but a cheap copy of the portrait of the artist.

● **UNTIL THE MORNING.** By Gene Markey, Hodder & Stoughton, 13s. 6d. — American post-Civil War story, with Major Aidan Kennel of Kentucky flying back to the blue-grass country to raise thoroughbreds, only to find trouble awaiting him. Stock excitements relayed in a southern drawl.

● **SPACE, TIME, AND CHANCE.** By Brian W. Alderson. Faber, 12s. 6d. — Quizzes, with full marks for imagination and a cool, unimpressed style. Not unlike the Brown Ray Bradbury, with a case for making science fiction respectable.

● **DEATH IN MELTING.** By David Grayson, Hammond, 12s. 6d. — Private eye hired to investigate American artist involved in much more than a question of a steel furnace full of molten metal. Good and grimy factory atmosphere; brisk handling of suspects and tricks.

● **THE MAN OUT OF THE CELL.** By Philip MacDonald. Faber, 10s. 6d. — Six stories—thrillers, and plain fiction—served up by a highly professional hand. Mostly excellent, and best kept for occasional reading.

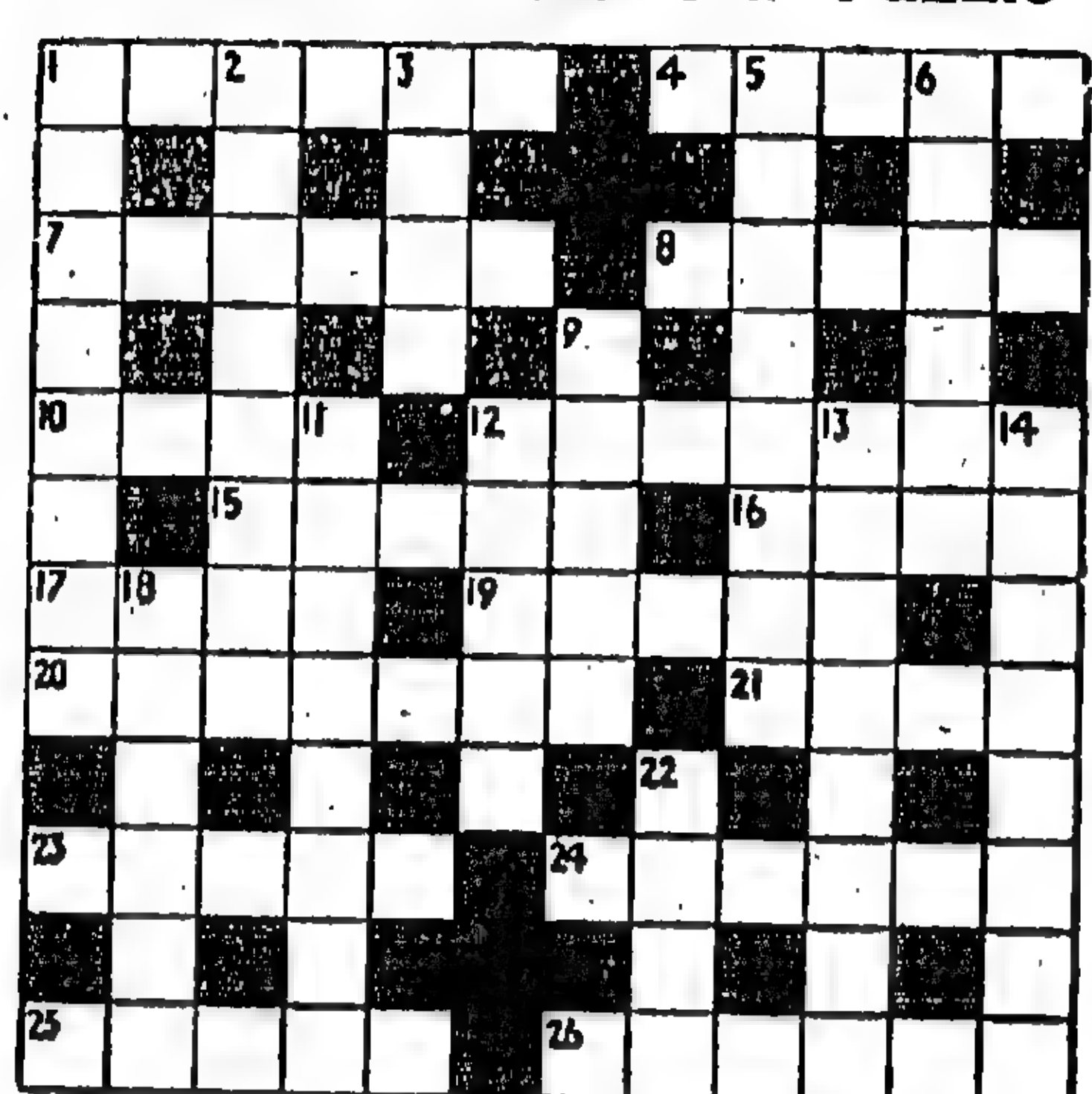
● **THE BLACK SPIDERS.** By John Creasey, Hodder & Stoughton, 11s. 6d. — Out-of-managed unobtrusively, a week newspaperman joins the ranks of Department Z (£2,000 a year and all expenses) to fight fiendish foreign agitators, armed with poisonous spiders, and ingeniously executed. Creasey presses, on where Bull-dog Drummond stopped for breath.

● **SHADOW OF THE MOON.** By M. M. Kaye, Longmans, 12s. 6d. — Mammoth historical novel (22 pages) about the Indian Mutiny. Heroine is raven-haired, but corrupt Commissioner of the East India Company, but in love with a young man, who is a British soldier. Told first-hand by an ugly duckling, whose life—within the space of

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A British Crossword Puzzle



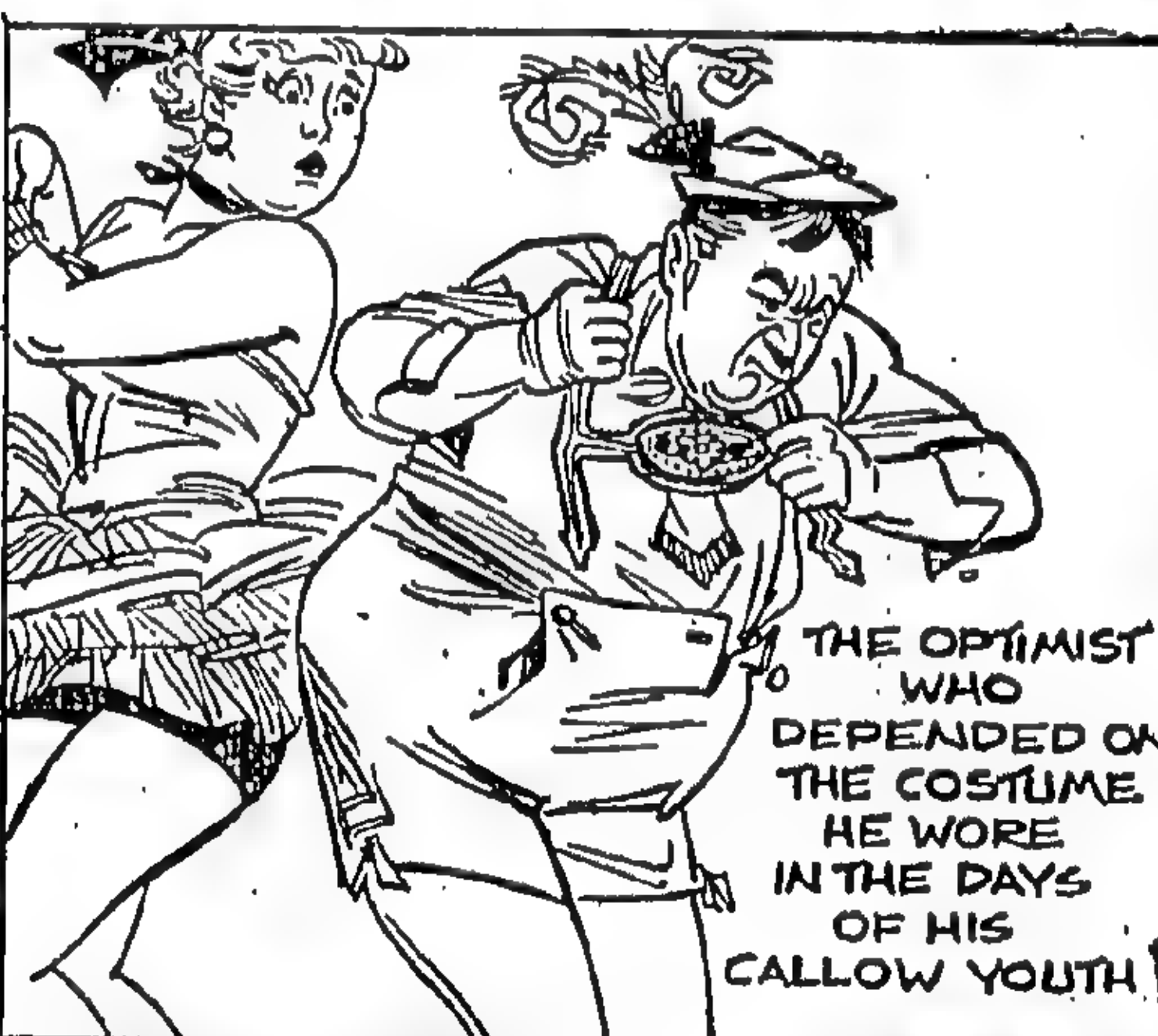
- ACROSS
- Upside (6).
 - Perfect (5).
 - Wears away (6).
 - Humble with a heavy blow (5).
 - Tip (4).
 - Fox (7).
 - Domesticated (5).
 - Extent (4).
 - Accustomed (4).
 - Lowest point (5).
 - Sailor (7).
 - Year (4).
 - Representative (5).
 - Swain (6).
 - Snake (6).
 - Implement (6).
- DOWN
- Colour range (8).
 - Worshipper of images (6).
 - Vegetable (4).
 - Smart society girl broadening? (8).
 - After a confidence (6).
 - Tree (6).
 - Glow (5).
 - Renovate (6).
 - Stopped (6).
 - Cowards (6).
 - Drooped (6).
 - Large piece (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD.—Across: 3 Singular, 5 Altered, 6 Reverted, 11 Lacerate, 12 Men, 13 Ceded, 15 Dopes, 16 Ugly, 22 Dissolve, 24 Particle, 25 Ostrich, 26 Somerset. Down: 1 Italy, 2 Force, 3 Serried, 4 Ideas, 5 Glee, 6 Litter, 7 Riddle, 10 Sleep, 14 Dore, 15 Desert, 16 Runpus, 17 alarm, 20 Flute, 21 Merry, 22 Dior, 23 Sine.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Fancy Dress

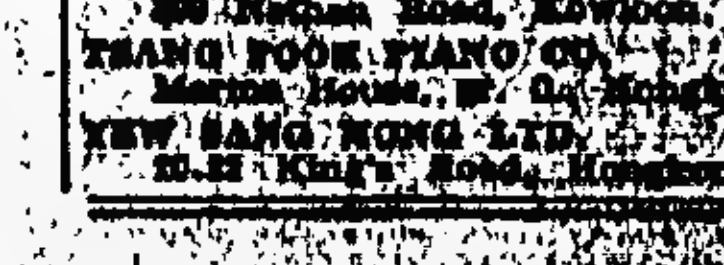
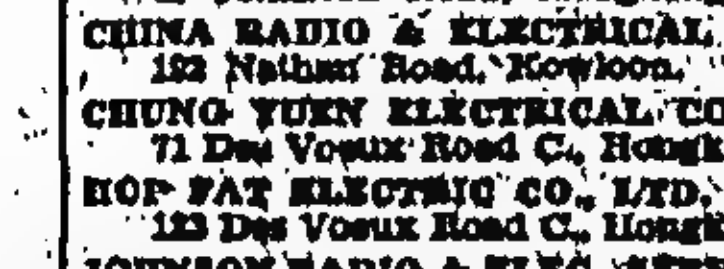
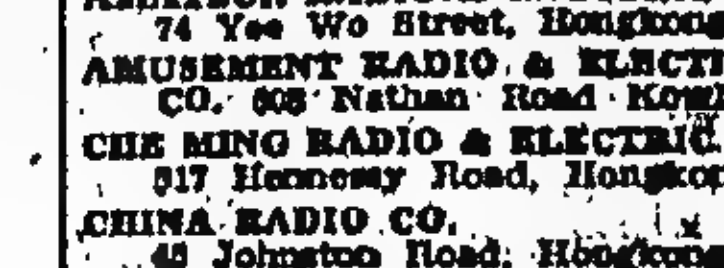
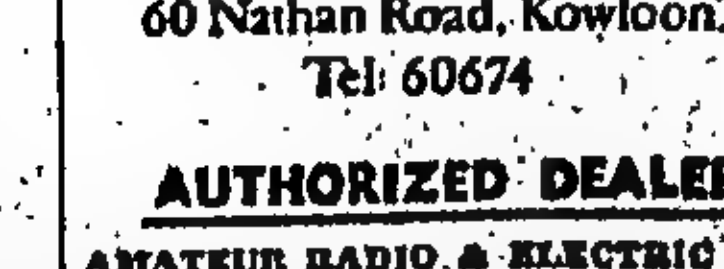
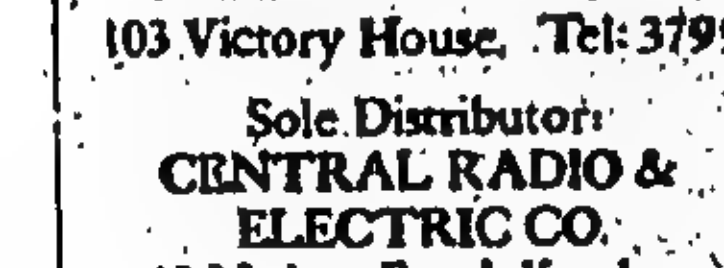
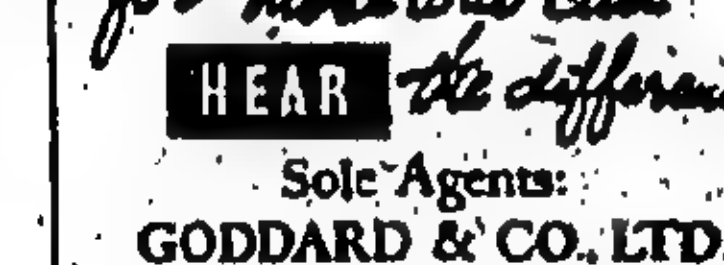
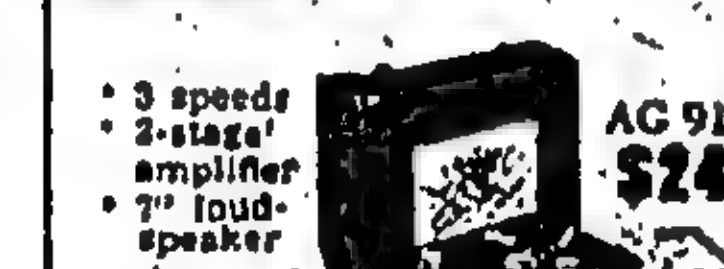
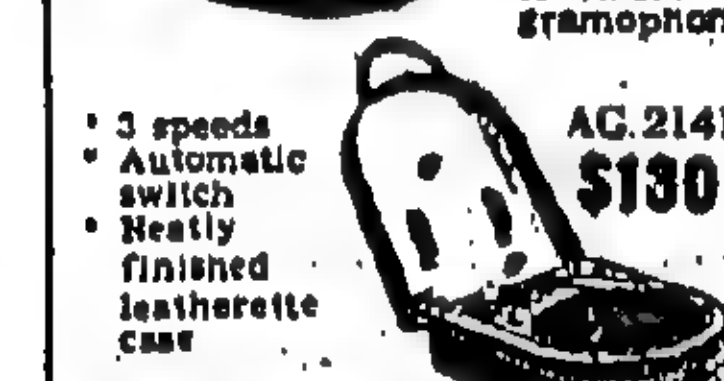
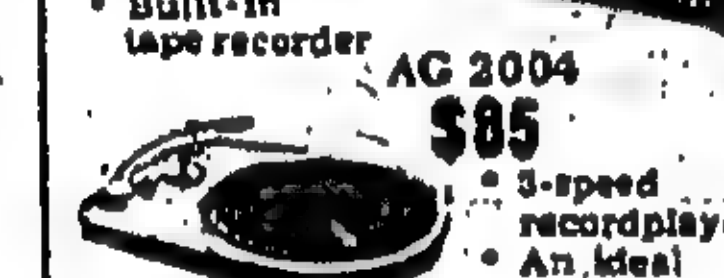
BY HARRY WEINERT



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Sports Diary

TODAY

Shooting

Annual Meeting Hongkong Rifle Association, Officers Mess, HKRIF, Queen's Road, 5.30 p.m.

Water Polo

EYMCA v Royal Navy (EYMCA) 7 p.m.; South China v Eastern (SCAA Pool) 6.30 p.m.

Basketball

Police Inter-Division: P110 "B" v SSP 4 p.m.; Western v Yutnau 5 p.m.; Central v Shaukiwan 6 p.m. at Boundary Street.

TOMORROW

Bowls

1st Division: FC v KICC, CCC v KCC, KCC v Revere, IRC "Blue" v IRC "Gold".

2nd Division: FC "Red" v PRC, HKCC v CICC, KCC v "Blue", USC v UKFC, Revere v KCC.

3rd Division: PRC v HKCC, KICC v HRC, KCC v Stanley, HKPSA v Revere, CCC v HKFC, Leung 1st Division, KCC v KCCG, KCC v CCC.

4th Division: FC v USC, PRC v CCC.

SPORTS QUIZ

- What is the longest singles match to have been played at Wimbledon? And who was the winner?
- Next month Lord Cobham takes up his appointment as Governor-General of New Zealand. For what sport is he famous?
- Who is the only man to have held world boxing titles at three weights simultaneously?
- Which English County has won the County Championship the most times?
- Add the surnames to these Christian names of famous sportsmen: William Gilbert; George Herman; Harry Morton.
- What is the maximum possible break in snooker?
- Who is the heaviest heavyweight?
- With which sport do you associate the Swaythling Cup?
- Who is the president of the MCC this year? And who will succeed him in this office?
- In which games do a roll-in and a free ball occur?

Answers See Page 17

The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

TIMELY TO TAKE A PASSING LOOK AT THE CHANGES IN THE RULES OF SOCCER

...And At Such Changes As May Yet Be Made

By I. M. MacTAVISH

If one is to believe the contemporary critics there has been something seriously wrong with football ever since men started to play it as a major sport.

Year after year the reformers have tried hard to introduce changes that have varied from simple and straightforward to complex and fantastic. Sometimes the proposals have come from experts who have given thought to their subject: unfortunately others, however, have been born in the brains of cranks and agitators.

Soccer has nevertheless absorbed the impetus of the changes without ever losing its true basic character. It is therefore timely, I think, to have a passing look at the changes that have been made... the proposals that have fallen by the wayside... and more important still at some of the suggestions that are in various stages of consideration—official and otherwise—at the present time.

In order to appreciate fully how football has developed to its present state it is necessary to remember that it all started as a simple form of recreation with men kicking a crude "ball" about for exercise. Nowadays it is hard to establish just where and when the competitive element came into the picture.

In spite of the many claims that have been staked for a particular birthplace there is now a strong school of thought which believes that the competitive game of football—in some form or other—may have had its origin in China where there is clear evidence of goalposts, traditionally ornamental, and of great age.

It is generally believed, however, that soccer as we know it today had its birth, or maybe it was its rebirth, in the British Isles... and there are a number of reasons to do so. The magnificent contribution which the Home countries have made to the international conception of the game.

GENERAL DEVELOPMENT

While this influence has been most important in the general development of the whole football set-up, it is surely more important still that these same countries have also been the staunchest supporters of established codes and practices. This conservatism provided vital stability during years when fluctuating international superiority could so very easily have led to changes which were not in the widest or long term best interests of the game.

The most significant reforms have, of course, taken place in the playing rules. In the lifetime of many current enthusiasts the off-side rule has undergone sweeping alteration and this has really had the biggest single influence on the whole aspect of both attacking and defensive play. The reinvented throw-in has nowadays replaced the free-kick which used to be awarded when a throw-in was incorrectly taken, although many now advocate a reform to the former practice.

There have also been changes in relation to the goalkeepers carrying of the ball, the method of taking a goalkick was also amended; and, probably most controversial of all, there was the introduction of the indirect free-kick for obstruction inside the penalty area.

Strangely enough in all the time that these things were taking place very little interference with the actual playing field has been contemplated or achieved.

In my years of interest in the game the only change has been the introduction of the small area or "D" on the outside of the penalty area and yet during that time several very sound and practical suggestions have been put forward regarding the generally accepted method of lining off the field.

The proposals I have in mind were made with the sole intention of improving the off-sides

and penalty kick aspects of the game.

THREE SKETCHES

I have included three sketches as examples of the proposals made in comparatively recent times and it will be seen that, quite apart from a somewhat revolutionary triangular penalty area one that is a semi-circle of 18 yards radius, there is

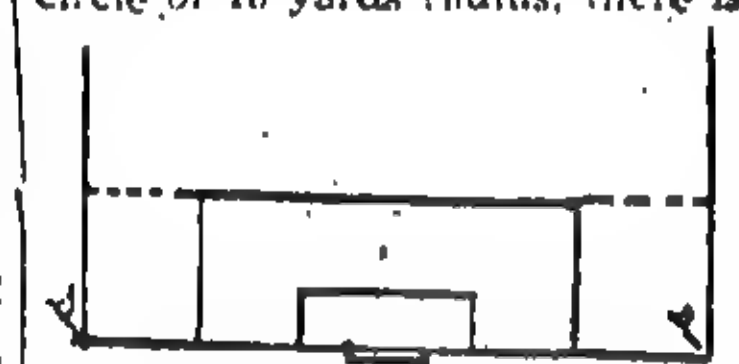


FIG. NO. 1

one suggestion common to all the layouts... the introduction of a line across the field inside which a player could not be pulled up for off-side.

The triangular and circular penalty areas were intended primarily to change the justice of the award of a penalty kick and the advocates of the semi-circle envisaged two grades of severity in an infringement and two different awards. A "first-grade" offence would result in the penalty kick being taken from the "spot" as at present, while a "second-grade" offence would carry the award of an unbroken kicked kick from a position on the circle in a direct line up and down the field from where the actual offence took place.

All these ideas were born, as far as I can trace, on the continent of Europe and apart from the fact that some prolonged consideration was given to the idea of the off-side line across the pitch the other proposals do not appear to have progressed very far... although even the most biased diatribes will admit that there is more than just a modicum of good

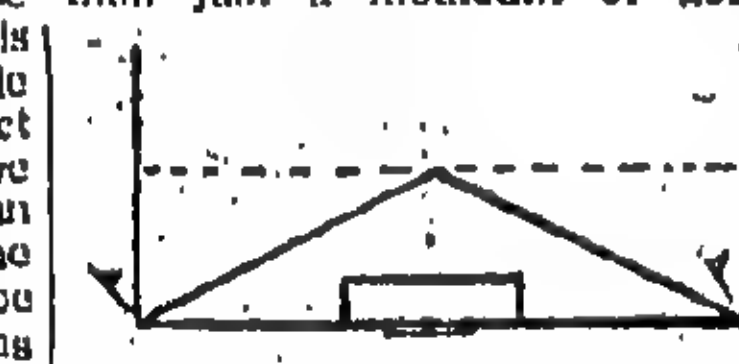


FIG. NO. 2

sense in the various suggestions. The future may hear more of the circular penalty area.

These, however, are not the only aspects of football reform which have reached the headlines and it is hardly surprising to find that the referee has not escaped the attention of the advocates of change.

The diagonal system of control was of course devised, and it has proved so popular that it is now used in almost every part of the world. Less well received was the suggestion that two referees should take charge of each game in much the same way as the umpires do in a hockey match.

DUAL CONTROL

The strange thing about the condemnation of this dual control idea is the fact that there are still many thoughtful football folk who believe sincerely that it could well be the commonsense answer to many of the problems of control which arise from time to time on the field of play.

One of the major European soccer powers gave a prolonged trial a couple of years ago to the idea of installing the referee in a control box situated high above the playing pitch and allowing him to make his decisions known to players... and incidentally to the spectators... through a high powered public address system.

There were many good reports on this method of refereeing and it may be news to many of Hongkong's current football fraternity and followers to know that similar reports were carried out here by "Brig" Young, who was then Chairman of the Hongkong Referees' Association.

The experiments were staged during part of two floodlight matches at the Club Stadium and, even with improvised communications, a lot was said in support of the idea.

I would like to finish this week with an interesting piece of information regarding a

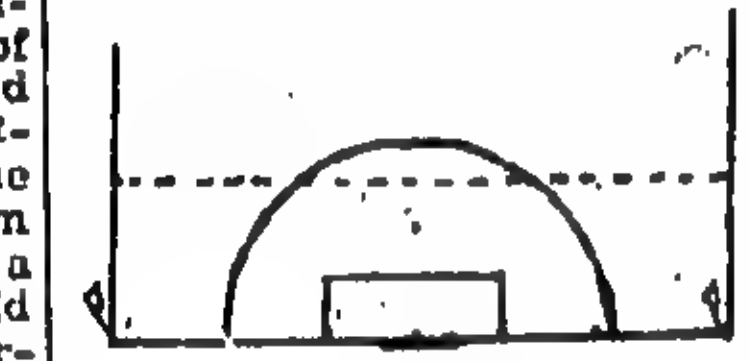


FIG. NO. 3

'fantastic' proposal which aroused a great deal of international interest a short time ago.

Monsieur G. Flaqueol, Chairman of the French Referees' Central Committee, spent many hours pondering the problems which so regularly confronted the men with the whistle and his proposed 'solution' really shook the controllers of the game.

He visualised a mobile turret on elevated rails, running parallel to one touchline and moving backwards and forwards, according to the direction of the play, under electric power controlled by the referee himself.

Monsieur Flaqueol's scheme was designed to give the man with the whistle the best possible view of the play... but it would be interesting to hear whether the poor old ref would have to take a driving test as well as qualifying in the normal way...!!!

A referee with an "L" sign on his back would surely provide an entirely new field of "comment" for late or disappalled fans!

At the present time most of the reform thoughts seem to be concentrated on the vexing questions of substitutes, charging of goalkeepers, and the provocative indirect free-kick.

Thoughtful and progressively planned changes may be of benefit but think back and you too may get the same smug sense of satisfaction when you realise how successfully soccer has resisted the influx of uncharacteristic ideas.

Such is the hallmark of real maturity—maybe we should get round to leaving well alone.

WIMBLEDON COMPETITORS



A reception for overseas players in the Wimbledon, England, tennis tournament was held recently at Britain's famous Hurlingham Club. Competitors are pictured during a group photo at the Club. From left are Karol Fageros (USA); Mary Hawton (Austria); Gloria Butler (USA); Maria Welss (Spain); Rose-Maria Reyes (Mexico); Amy Hoad (Australia); and Yola Ramirez (Mexico).—Express Photo.

Brian Herson May Bring Back A World Record From His Honeymoon

B. DEREK JOHN

Four-minute miler Brian Hewson is in Norway on a delayed honeymoon. He may bring back world record.

Brian and his wife were married in April and did not have time for a honeymoon. Hewson has been given permission by the British Amateur Athletic Association—and presumably by his wife—to take his running spikes, and he plans to have three races out there.

On the 21st of this month he completed a 1,000 metres race, a distance he has run many times in an attempt to break the world record, shared by Norway's Audun Boysen and Istvan Rozsavolgyi of Hungary.

In all it looks like being a hectic holiday. Hewson has three races planned in Norway and several training spins. And in between he popped over to Dublin on June 24 where he ran against Olympic 1,500 metres gold medalist, Ron Delaney.

CAREER CUT SHORT

Five years ago in Piedmont, California, a promising baseball career was cut short. Crawford, a gangling 12-year-old and a dirty pitcher, was asked to change his sport for lowing an arm injury.

All of which should make an interesting reading for the tennis types of this world. For Crawford turned his attention to tennis, and last summer he won the American junior title.

And he will have a shot at the Wimbledon Championship proper.

Low Hoad, favourite Wimbledon, will have to dole out his title without his favourite racket. He lost it at the Chester the other week while winning the Northern singles title.

More trouble for Low the final. He had to cancel plans to give a celebratory dinner. Everywhere was booked up.

But on court every went right. Hoad roared full power for the final, or

India's No. 1, R. Krishnan, minutes.

DRUG EXPERT

Millions of American football fans watching a nationally telecast game saw during a break the match the coach of one of the teams spraying something into the face of every one of his players.

The reason? "They have colds," said the coach. "It was a drug to boost the boys' performances."

That is the question the fans are asking. Especially now in Dr Herbert Berger, an American drug expert, has accused athletes of using stimulants. "Did all the football players have colds?" asks Dr Berger. "And if so why were they playing?"

Berger has told a meeting of the American Medical Association that boxers, footballers, and basketball players use the drug amphetamines as a stimulant.

It enables athletes to extend their normal endurance. Then comes collapse and complete exhaustion from what Dr Berger describes as this "shocking and vicious" drug.

Dr Berger accuses the four-minute milers of using the drug. Britain's Chris Chataway, who has won the mile in under four minutes, set the pace for John Landy to set up a faster time, and who himself has run a four-minute mile, declares that he has never heard of the drug.

Don Bowdler, who recently became America's first four-minute man, called Dr Berger's charges "completely ridiculous—I have never taken anything, not even tranquillizers."

John Landy just laughed at the accusation. But America's Medical Association is to hold a full scale inquiry.

CROONER PROMOTER

On my left, a 44-year-old, on my right a youngster of 37. And introducing your promoter—a crooner.

It could only happen in boxing. The 44-year-old is Archie Moore, who plans to put up his world cruiserweight title against 37-year-old Sugar Ray Robinson. All under the auspices of Frank Sinatra.

Moore, it should be mentioned, claims that he is not a day over 41. His mother recalls the other three years. And the cost of parading the combined 40 years' professional ring experience of Moore and Robinson before the public is a cool 1,000,000 dollars. That is the purse Sinatra guarantees.

The plan is to hold the bout in Los Angeles.

And while it may sound crazy the amazing thing is that it could prove to be the fight of the year. Boxers have fought more about the fight game than many champions have ever learned. And both know a whole lot more than they have forgotten.

When referee Eddie Maguire awarded Terry Spinks the verdict at Harringway over Gerry Parker he revealed much common sense—and a flow in professional boxing rules.

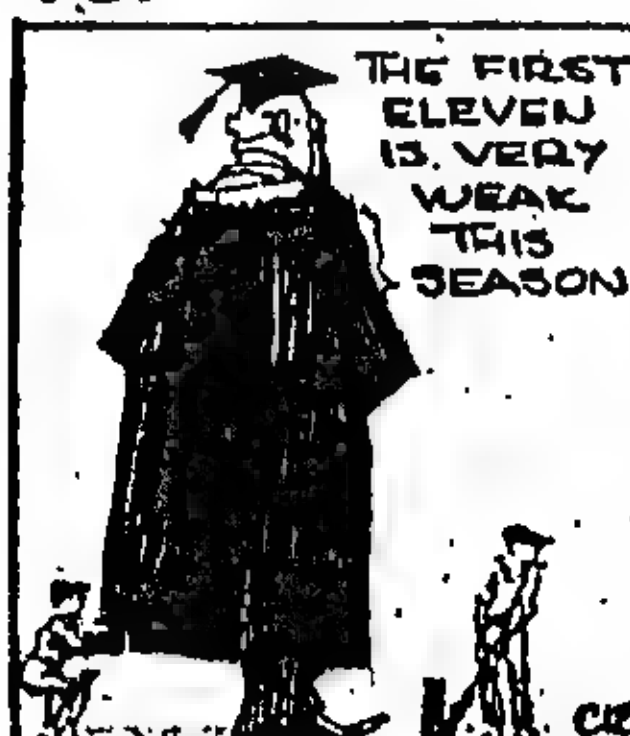
Spinks, British Olympic gold medalist, now a professional, and Parker, both had cut eyes. Maguire, himself a former boxer, stopped the fight with three rounds to go and gave Spinks the verdict because he was ahead on points.

This seems the obvious verdict. But had Maguire decided that one boxer had a less severe injury, then the other who would have had to have given him the decision—even though he may have been behind on points.

"This goes against boxing policy that all fights are decided on points, knock-outs or technical decisions. It is true for boxing to bring its rules into line, but it has to be accepted because both are injured the prize money won and not the extent of the injuries should determine the winner."

(Continued on page 17)

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